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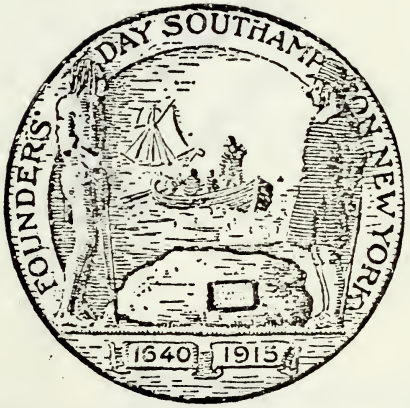
Celebration of the Two Hundred and Seventy-fifth Anniversary

of the

Founding of the Town of Southampton, N. Y.



Southampton

The first English settlement in the State of New York

JUNE 12, 1915

1640-1915

JOHN H. HUNT
PUBLISHER
SAG HARBOR, N. Y.

1753405

L. Emory Terry

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SOUTHAMPTON, N.Y.

Celebration of the two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the town of Southampton, N.Y. Southampton, the first English settlement in the state of New York, 1640-1915. Sag Harbor, N.Y., J.H. Hunt, 1915.

90p., 15 *l.* illus., ports. 23cm.

"Memorial notices": 15 leaves at end.

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F-F 53
Jesse Halsey

PREFACE

The Town of Southampton, New York, was founded by a company of those sturdy people who emigrated from England in 1620 and in the years following, who came neither with the spirit of adventure nor to gain wealth, but because they had seen a vision. A new idea was taking possession of men, the dream of a larger, fuller, freer life. A New World was needed for its expansion and development.

The history of the New England colonies—and Southampton was in all essentials a part of New England—reveals the fact that while many differences arose as to policy and methods of government, they were united upon the idea of civil and religious freedom. Narrow as they often were in their own conduct, they still firmly held to an ideal which they saw, but which was larger than themselves.

Mankind is not mocked in its aspirations for the truth. Its aspirations are both a promise and a prophecy. It was so with our forefathers, it is true to-day and must always be so.

The celebration of the two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the town was designed to do honor to those things which were true and noble in the days gone by; to re-emphasize those truths upon which justice and liberty have been built up in this country, to portray in visual form the life of those earlier days, its home, its democracy and its love of truth and righteousness, and to impress these things firmly upon the mind of the present generation. Thus the past would not be dead history, but realized as being vitally linked with the present and as a necessary foundation of the life of to-day.

It was also the purpose to make this two hundred and seventy-fifth year the date for the establishment of a memorial of the past in the shape of a permanent loan exhibition which would make possible the preservation of the wealth of historical material in Southampton and vicinity which would otherwise be lost to future generations.

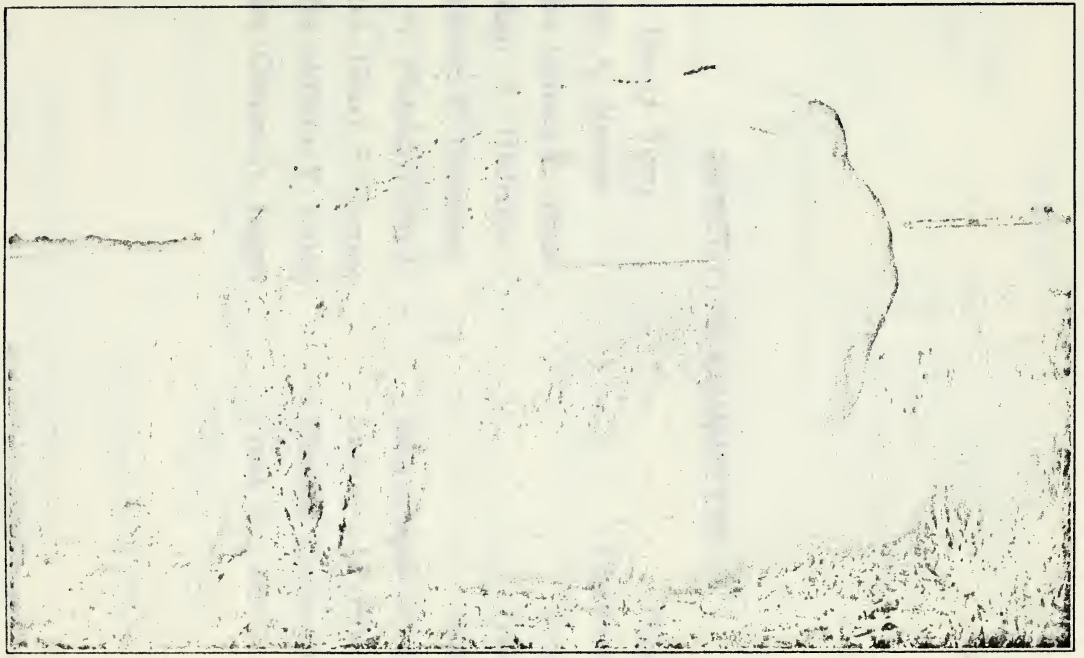
The success of the celebration exceeded our most sanguine expectation. The support given the undertaking by the people of Southampton could not have been more united or generous.

It is probable that at least fifteen hundred were engaged, directly or indirectly, and we feel that in large measure the purpose of the effort was achieved. The activities were purely and strictly historical. Nothing inconsistent with this purpose entered into the occasion, and the celebration will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

The celebration was of and by the Southampton people, and the beautiful community spirit which prevailed throughout the preparation and rendition will always linger in our memory.

The Colonial Society is deeply appreciative of the support given, and desires to express in this permanent form its thanks to the people of Southampton.

L. E. Terry, President.



MONUMENT AT CONSCIENCE POINT
Where first settlers landed, June, 1640

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Sale of Souvenir Programs

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Police

Benjamin H. Bishop

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Invitations

Mrs. Henry F. Herrick

Speakers

Howard Townsend
L. Emory Terry

Official Luncheon

The Entertainment Committee

J. W. F. Howell

John W. Fletcher Howell

J. W. Fletcher Howell, the seventh generation in line of descent from Edward Howell the Founder, was born in West Hampton, December 31, 1838. After attending the public schools of his native place, he was for a time a student in the academy of the village of Cambridge, Washington Co., N.Y. In 1859 he went to California and returned in the winter of 1864, and in the same year married Miss Maria J. Cooper of Southampton, whose father, Capt. Mercator Cooper, is famous as having taken the first American ship into a harbor in Japan. The following year he made a second visit to California, reaching that country after a long and perilous voyage, and remained there until 1867, when he again returned to Southampton, and engaged in farming which he conducted with energy and success. When it was proposed to celebrate the 275th Anniversary of the Settlement of Southampton, Mr. Howell entered into the spirit of the occasion, and all the energy of his nature was exercised to render it a success. So much was owing to his well directed activity and perseverance, that his colleagues, with one accord, unite in this testimonial as a token of their respect for himself, and appreciation of his efforts.

CELEBRATION ODE

for the

Anniversary of the Settlement of Southampton

Rise up, ye people, with anthems of praise,
And loud to Jehovah your thanksgiving raise,
Praise ye the might which hath built here an altar,
And gathered a people from over the sea.
Sing to the mercy whose love cannot falter,
And praise ye Jehovah the God of the free.
Rise up, ye people, with anthems of praise,
And loud to Jehovah your thanksgivings raise.

Ages have rolled down the dark stream of time,
Since leaving the shores of their own native clime,
Seeking a home on this ocean girt Isle,
Where free from the weight of oppression's hard rod,
Untrammelled by rank and unfettered by guile,
Our fathers might dwell and in peace worship God.
Rise up, ye people, with anthems of praise,
And loud to Jehovah your thanksgivings raise.

Here in their Island homes they have been blest,
An oasis fair upon ocean's broad breast,
The loved forms that builded the first cottage fires
Long since have slumbered beneath the green sod;
But their children impressed with the same fond desires
Still bring to this altar their tributes to God.
Rise up, ye people, with anthems of praise,
And loud to Jehovah your thanksgivings raise.

Written for the 225th Anniversary of the Settlement of Southampton by Mrs. Maria Cooper Howell

Declaration of the Company of Men who Founded Southampton

Our true intereſt and meaning iſ that when our Plantacon iſ laid out by thoſe appointed that there ſhall be a Church gathered and conſtituted according to the mind of Chriſt, that there we do freely lay downe our power of ordering and diſpoſing of the Plantacon and of receiving inhabitantſ or any other thinge that may tende to the good and welfare of y^e^ inhabitantſ at the feet of Chriſt and Hiſ Church.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICE

In the First Presbyterian Church

Saturday morning, at half past ten o'clock

Hymn—Tune: "Duke Street"

O God, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.

Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer;
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward, through all ages, bear
The memory of that holy hour.

Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

And here Thy Name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Rev. Leonard Bacon

Scripture Reading - - Rev. George J. Russell
Pastor of First Presbyterian Church

Prayer - - - - Rev. Jesse Halsey
Pastor Seventh Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, Ohio

Solo - - - - - William Wheeler

Greeting - - - - L. Emory Terry
President Southampton Colonial Society

Chorus—"Pilgrim's Chorus" - - - Wagner
Southampton Choral Society, led by William Wheeler

Address—"Some Incidents in Southampton History"
William S. Pelletreau, A. M.

Chorus—"Thine Is the Kingdom," Holy City

Address—"The Old and New Education,"

John H. Finley, LL.D.

President of the University of the State of New York

Hymn—Tune: "St. Catherine"

Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our fathers; we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Frederick W. Faber

Benediction - - - - Rev. Henry Medd

OFFICIAL LUNCHEON

Saturday afternoon, at one o'clock
in the basement of the First Presbyterian Church

Toastmaster
Rev. George J. Russell, Pastor of the Church

BAND CONCERT

At Library Corner, one to two o'clock

THE PAGEANT

Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock in the Park at the head of Lake Agawam

FOREWORD

The pageant, as it has been developed of late years in America, is the attempt of a community to portray in dramatic form the outstanding facts of its historical background and also to at least suggest the ideals and aspirations which have had a place in its development.

Dramatic art has apparent limitations which must be especially reckoned with in the production of a pageant. The attempt to render concrete such abstractions as the ideals and aspirations of a people must ever be difficult. Those who had the present undertaking in charge met the first difficulty by a process of elimination, choosing from the great wealth of historical lore which was available, such events as might lend themselves to ready dramatization. With regard to the second limitation they have dared to depend largely upon the power of suggestion and upon the imagination of the audience.

The pageant was presented in hope that it might arouse a deeper appreciation of those who have gone before us; of those who undertook to establish a stable, democratic civilization in a wilderness, as well as of those of a later age who, even under great difficulties, held true to the faith of their forefathers; and in the confidence that a deeper appreciation of our past might make us increasingly loyal to those ideals which are our heritage from the past and our hope for the future.

ROBERT K. ATKINSON

INTRODUCTION

The Pageant, as it was worked out, surpassed even the fondest dreams of its originators. The beautiful day made the setting at the head of Lake Agawam perfect. Every seat on the grand stand was filled, the parking spaces were crowded, and the rest of the people filled Pond Lane and lined the shores of the lake for a long distance.

If the Pageant Committee had needed inspiration, the enthusiastic audience would certainly have furnished it. As one scene succeeded another in perfect rhythm, we could not believe that these people were the men, women, and children who had given their time from their daily work or play to make this a success.

The community spirit developed was wonderful! Each part was taken with conviction, one might almost say reverence, and joy. Nothing that the people of Southampton ever did yielded such large returns.

From the beautiful Dance of the Woods and Waters in the Prologue to the inspiring vision of Southampton's future citizens—one hundred tiny children—marching to greet the Spirit of old Southampton and vowing allegiance to the tradition of her noble past, every part was performed with zeal and grace. One of the most striking features was the old-time Whale Rally—a thing that can never be duplicated because it was given by men, every one of whom had followed the sea in years gone by. The historical scenes were carefully reproduced, the Interludes were happily planned to give a lightness and freedom to the program that left nothing to be desired.

As all joined in singing "America" at the close, there was not one in all the six thousand witnesses but felt his spirit lifted and dedicated to a larger civic service and a deeper consciousness of our "goodly heritage."

Abigail Fithian Halsey

(RICHARD HEYDEN LUTZ)

PAGEANT PROGRAM

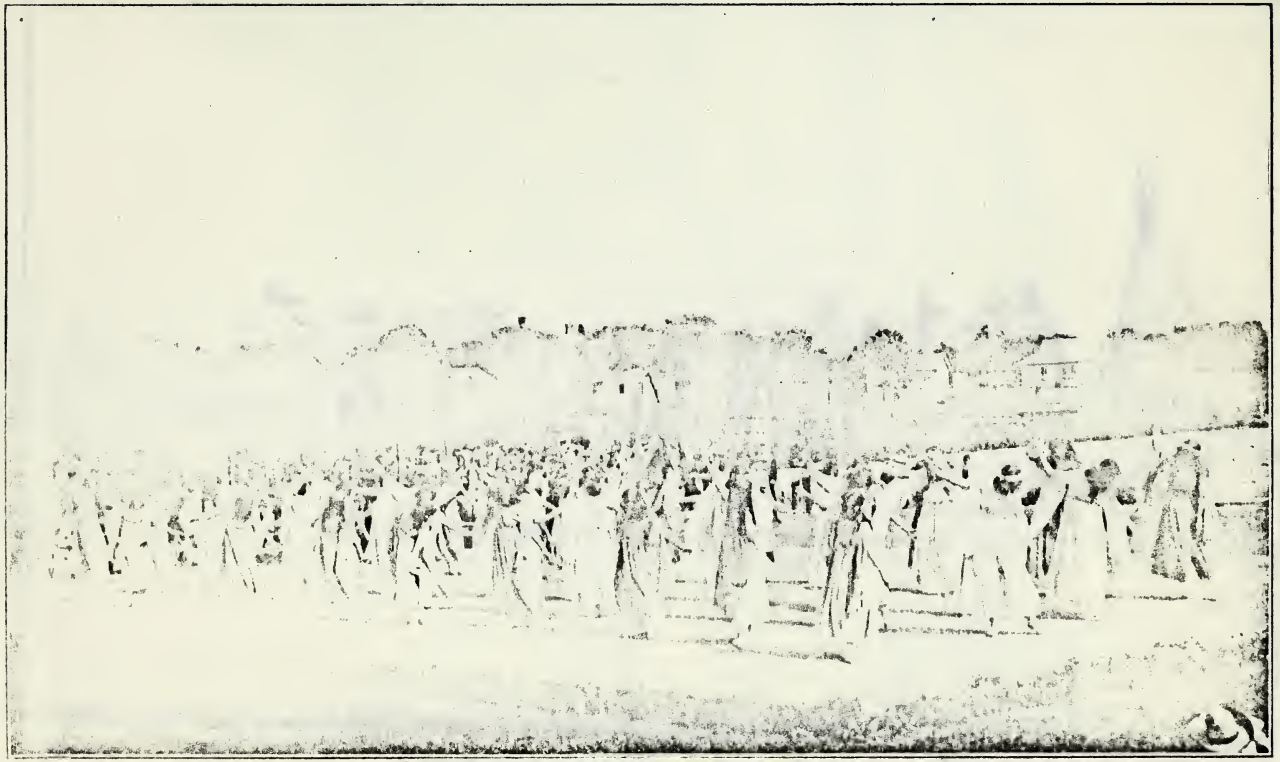
THE HERALD SPEAKS

Citizens of old Southampton Town, and all our bidden guests,
We keep this holiday that we may
Honor those noble men and women who first
Brought the light of civilization to these shores, and also
Those who, during well nigh three centuries,
Have kept that light undimmed.
But few of you are sons of those who first came here,
Yet from whatsoever State or land ye come,
I summon you this day to unite in
Giving honor due to those who in the past have given
Both their toil and love to this spot which we call home.
And as the past lives again before us
I ask that one and all heed well its lessons.

PROLOGUE

DANCE OF THE SPIRITS OF THE WOODS AND THE WATERS

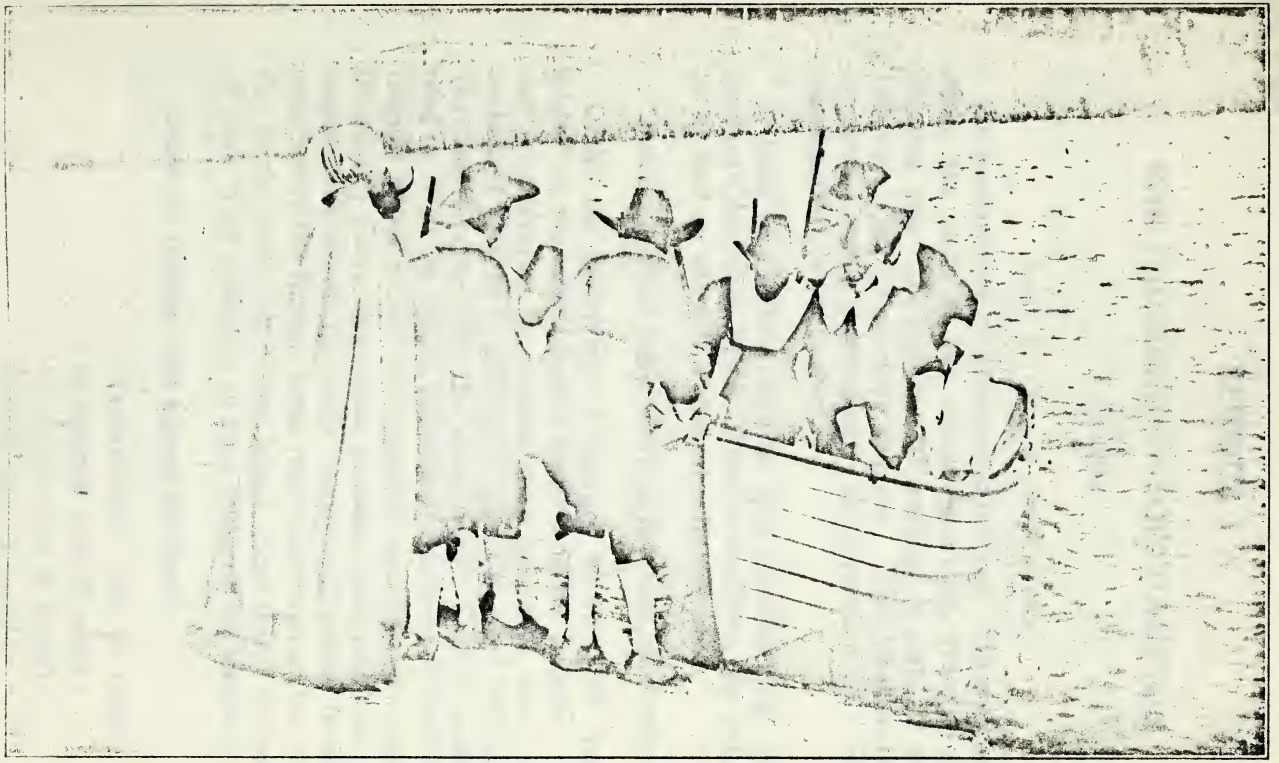
"Here all is pleasant as a dream,
The wind scarce shaketh down the dew;
The green grass floweth like a stream
Into the ocean's blue."



DANCE OF WOODS AND WATERS

TREATY WITH THE INDIANS

MANDUSH, Indian Sachem
(Charles Bunn)



LANDING OF SETTLERS AT CONSCIENCE POINT

EPISODE I

THE FOUNDING OF SOUTHAMPTON

(1640)

PART I. PLACE: NORTH SEA

An encampment of Shinnecock Indians. The squaws are doing the work of the village—weaving, grinding corn, planting, etc. The children are engaged in play. A dance follows. The braves enter and join. The dance increases in intensity, but is interrupted by the appearance of a "white man's canoe" in the harbor.

A band of Puritans may be seen disembarking. They land on Conscience Point. True to tradition, the first one to set foot on shore is a woman, who exclaims:

"For Conscience' Sake, we're on dry land once more!"

Under the leadership of Edward Howell, the "undertakers" of the colony make a treaty with the Indians. "For due consideration of sixteen coats and also three score bushels of corn to be paid upon lawful demand September, 1641, and further that the above-named English shall defend us from the unjust violence of whatever Indians shall illegally assail us, we do absolutely and forever grant to the parties above mentioned, to them, their heirs and successors forever, all the lands, woods and waters from the place where the Indians hayle their canoes out of the North Bay to the south side of the Island, from thence to possess all lands lying eastward, to have and to hold forever.

Names of Indians who signed the deed:

MANANTACUT (his X mark)
MANDUSH (his X mark)
WYBENET (his X mark)
HOWES (his X mark)
SETOMMECOKE (his X mark)
MOCOMANTO (his X mark)
"These in the name of all the rest."

PART 2. PLACE: OLD TOWN

The twenty men and their families, "led by their reverend, godly minister," Abraham Pierson, have at last completed their march from North Sea and reached their new homes at Old Town.

"It was a perilous undertaking to venture with wives and children into a wilderness hemmed in on two sides by water and the other two by savage tribes. Like their brethren of Plymouth, however, they were brave men and Christian, resolved on doing their part toward forming an empire for Freedom and Christianity."

NOTE: *The men who take the part of Six Chiefs are from the small remnant of the Shinnecock tribe.*

INTERLUDE

"A DAME SCHOOL (1651)

Puritan children on their way to school, each one bringing his stick of wood, stop by the way to play. Their teacher finds them and urges them along the path of knowledge by not sparing the rod.

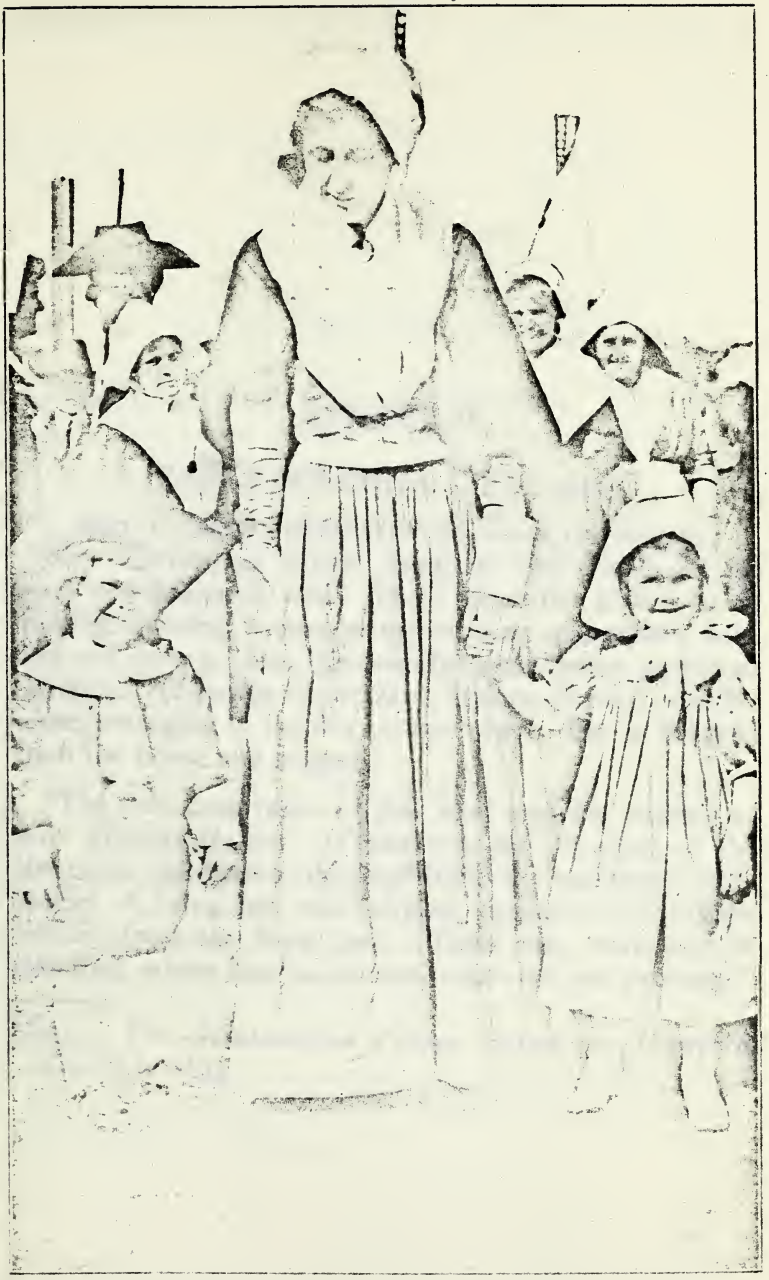
NOTE: *There was a school before* 1650. *Richard Mills the first schoolmaster.*

"1694—*John Mobray engages to teach six months from the* 1st *of May to the* 1st *of November for twelve shillings per scholler, teaching from eight till eleven in the morning and from one till five in the afternoon.*"

FIRST SETTLERS

Mr. Edward Howell, the Founder Mr. Abraham Pierson, the Minister

DAME'S SCHOOL



PURITAN MOTHER AND CHILDREN

EPISODE II

EARLY COLONIAL LIFE (1652)

PART I. SCENE REPRESENTING HOME INDUSTRIES

Mrs. Christopher Foster entertains her friends in the good old-fashioned way. They spend the afternoon in quilting, spinning, embroidering, working on samplers, knitting and sewing. Into this peaceful scene breaks an Indian intruder. All escape except Mrs. Thomas Halsey, who becomes entangled in the flax on her wheel. She is dragged from the house and scalped.

"The only occurrence of this kind was the murder of Mrs. Thomas Halsey. Wyandanch, the old chief of the Montauks, delivered to the magistrates the murderers, who, instead of being his own subjects, proved to be Pequot Indians from the Main land. These men were sent to Hartford, where they were tried, convicted and executed."

NOTE: *The Southampton Colony joined the Hartford Colony in* 1644.

PART 2. THE GENERAL COURT

Magistrate and citizens in the market place. Enter Wyandanch, chief of the Montauks, with Indian prisoner.

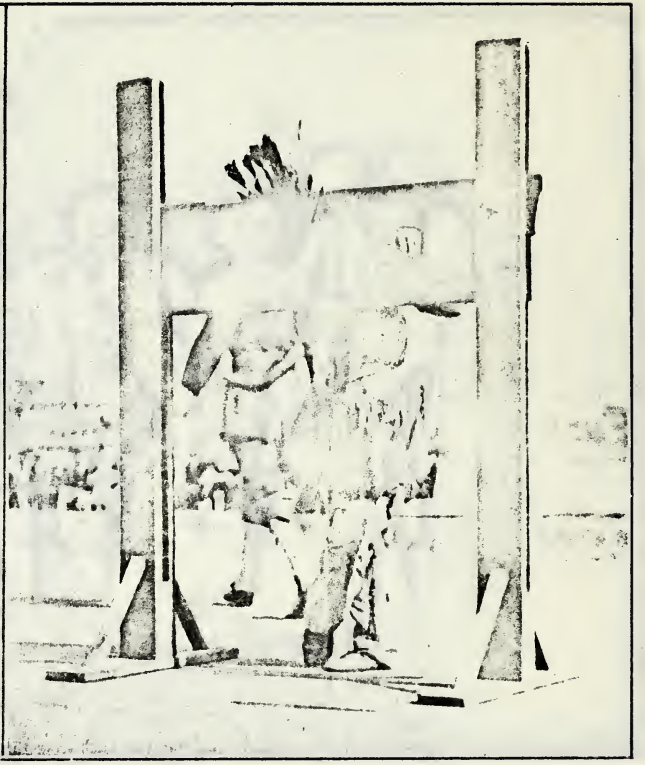
WYANDANCH SPEAKS: "We bring this man to you. He killed one of your squaws. Deal with him according to the white man's law. He is not of our tribe, but a Pequot from across the water. Wyandanch keeps his word. He is the white man's friend."

Magistrate orders constable to take charge of prisoner, put him in the pillory and later convey him to Hartford for trial.

Josiah Stanborough is brought in with his son, Peregrine. At a session of the court the lad, having been adjudged guilty of the theft of fruit from Job Sayre's garden, has been ordered soundly whipped by his father in the presence of competent witnesses. The constable announces that the father has refused to comply with the order of the Court. He is adjudged as in contempt of the court and ordered placed in the stocks. The son is sent to the whipping post.

NOTE: *Peregrine Stanborough was the first child born in the colony. The Parrish Art Museum stands on the site of Job Sayre's garden.*

PURITAN AND CHILD



INDIAN IN PILLORY

COLONIAL WEDDING PARTY

INTERLUDE

A COLONIAL WEDDING PARTY

(1775)

A merry party of young men and women conduct a bridal pair to their new home and stop on the village green to dance.

NOTE: *The carriage used in the interlude is the one in which Mr. Benjamin Foster and his bride made their wedding journey to Montrose, Pa., in* 1841.

EPISODE III

THE REVOLUTION

PART I. THE CALL OF THE MINUTE MEN (1775)

An American soldier rides from Sag Harbor bringing the news of Lexington and Concord. The Minute men respond from all the surrounding country.

"April 5, 1776, the First Regiment of Suffolk County reported 13 companies, 1,030 men. February 19, 1776, reported nine companies, 760 men."

PART 2. THE OCCUPATION OF THE TOWN BY THE BRITISH (1778)

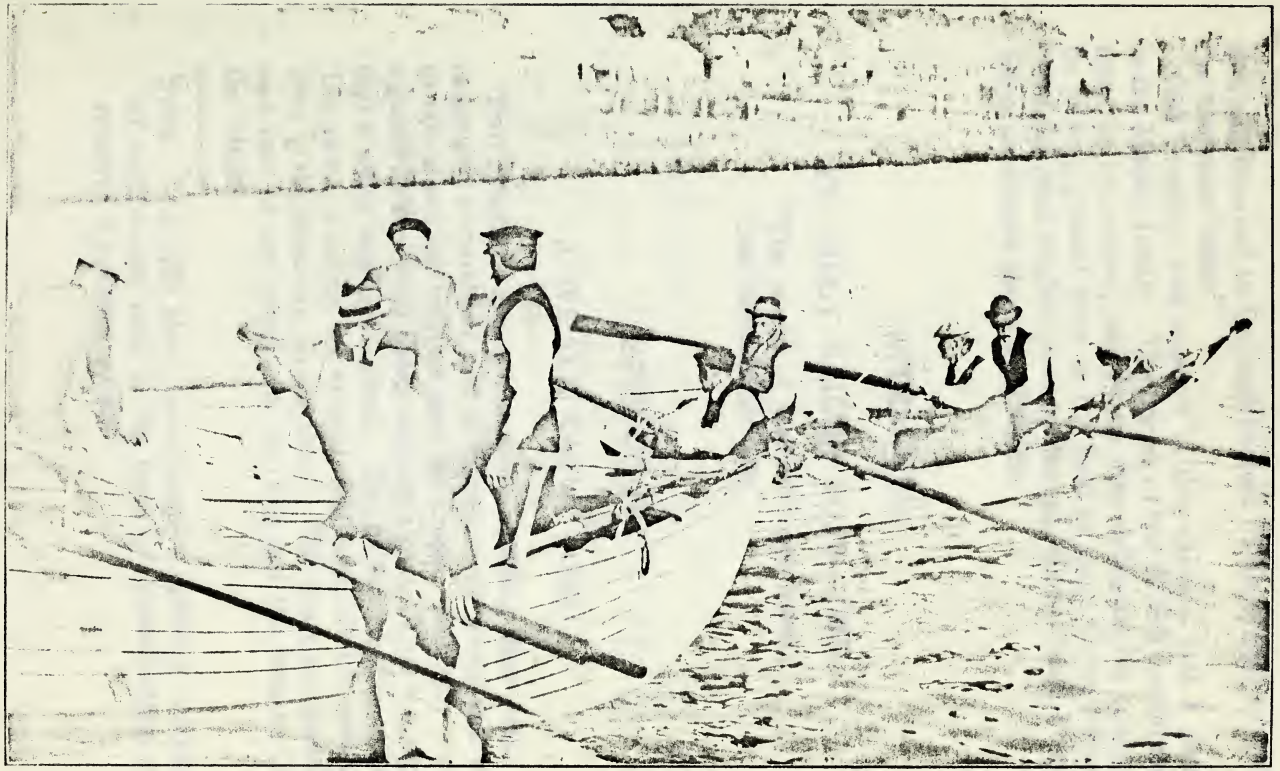
Old men, women and children in the market place. Lord Erskine and the two aides appear. Recognizing the hostility of the people, he addresses them:

> "PEOPLE OF SOUTHAMPTON: It is not by our own choice that we are here as representatives of the power whom your citizens are fighting. We do not aim to oppress women and children. We realize how difficult it would be for many of you to become reconciled to our presence, but if you will be peaceable and avoid stirring up any unnecessary trouble, we will make every effort to render our stay here as free from unpleasantness as circumstances will permit."

Tradition tells us that one of the British officers attempted a flirtation with Martha Halsey. She turned quickly, snatched off his cap and stamped upon it. He exclaimed in anger, "You damn little rebel" and rode away.

"The winter of 1778-9 was memorable by the occupation of Southampton by the British. A squadron of cavalry was quartered there, who by their disregard of property and the usages of war contrived to gain the ill-will of the inhabitants. However, the rigors of military occupation were softened in Southampton by the presence of the commander, General Erskine. He had his headquarters in Mr. William S. Pelletreau's house and took his meals across the street in the northeast room of the house, now the home of Mrs. Henry F. Herrick. Later he resigned his commis-

THE MINUTE MEN (1775)



WHALE RALLY

sion and returned to England because of his sympathy with the American cause."

Old Pompey, who appears in this episode, was a slave in the Mackie family. The horses of the British were quartered on his master, and Pomp ably defended his country by mixing ground glass in the feed he gave to the horses. "Ground glass mighty good fo' horses, Massa," said Pomp, when questioned about the incident.

INTERLUDE

YE JOLLY SAILOR BOYS—DRILL

"The world of waters is our home
Our heritage the sea."

EPISODE IV

A WHALE RALLY (1855)

Two fishermen are on the shore mending their nets. A carpenter, a merchant and a farmer come along and stop to talk about the weather and the crops. Suddenly a man appears on the beach banks wefting a coat. This is a signal that a whale has been sighted. The fishermen blow a horn. The news is spread all around, and soon all the men and boys in the town are on the shore. The boats are launched and race to see which one can first put the harpoon into the whale.

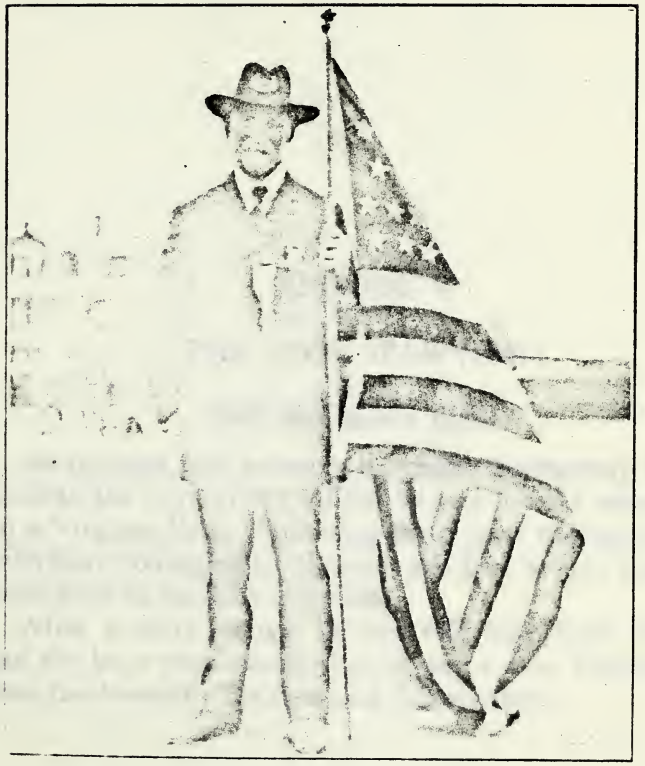
NOTE: *"In 1687 there were fourteen whaling companies of twelve men each in the town of Southampton, who reported 2,148 bbls. of oil."*

INTERLUDE

A DISTRICT SCHOOL (1860)

Boys and girls on their way home from school stop long enough to sing songs of the period.

"The day is like an old-time face
That gleams across some grassy place,
An old-time face, an old-time chum,
That rises from the past to come
And lure me back along the ways
Of Time's all-golden yesterdays."



VETERAN OF CIVIL WAR
(Philip Brady)

EPISODE V

THE CIVIL WAR (1861)

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM

An old man falls asleep in his chair. In memory he goes back to the days of '61. First he sees his old companions in a Virginia Reel. Following them come the boys of '61, who have volunteered. He rises and tries to join them, but sinks back in his chair exhausted.

After a short interval he sees returning from the war, not the boys who marched away, but a few Veterans, old men like himself. He rises and follows them.

INTERLUDE

A REUNITED LAND—DANCE (1865)

A Federal officer leads the Northern States. A Confederate officer leads the Southern States.

THE UNITED COUNTRY

EPISODE VI

THE SPIRIT OF HOSPITALITY (1880)

Enter two natives in conversation.

FIRST NATIVE: Do you think that we people here realize how fine a place this is in which we live?

SECOND NATIVE: I have sometimes thought that we become so used to the beauty and comfort of our home here that we do not fully appreciate it.

FIRST NATIVE: I spent a few days in New York City last month, and it was hot and dirty, and before my visit was done I sighed for some of the ocean breezes and the real comfort of the Southampton summer.

Enter touring car occupied by family of New Yorkers.

FIRST NATIVE: Been touring?

NEW YORKER: Well, sort of touring, and at the same time we are out looking for a home.

FIRST NATIVE: I should not take you for a family of vagabonds.

NEW YORKER: I suppose that you people who live out here can hardly appreciate how the changes that are taking place in the city are affecting our homes.

SECOND NATIVE: Some of your homes have been show places for years.

NEW YORKER: Rather more of show places than homes, I fear. Of late years the city home is fast becoming a memory. Business blocks and apartment houses are taking up all of the space now, and with the development of rapid transit facilities we are more and more going to the country for our homes. We still make our money in the city, but one cannot have the real home feeling for it any more.

FIRST NATIVE: I should think, however, that your search would be easy. You should have but little trouble in finding what you seek.

NEW YORKER: You are evidently of those who think that money will buy anything. We know better by experience. We can always find a place where we can spend money, but we want a place where we can have a real home, a place that will be home to the whole family.

SECOND NATIVE: Well, I guess our people came here for about that purpose some few years ago.

NEW YORKER: I believe that I can speak for a good many city dwellers when I say that we wish to make our homes in a community where we can share its repsonsibilities, make our due contribution to its progress and have our full share in the community life.

FIRST NATIVE: I believe, then, that we have the ideal place here for you. We have not been around a great deal, but we do think we have a fine democratic lot of folks here, and while we would not welcome any one who would introduce a discordant element, and would regret any commercializing of our natural advantages, we surely would welcome those who seek a home, even though they could be here with us only for a part of the year.

Immigrant and his family have entered and heard part of the conversation.

IMMIGRANT: I wonder if your town has a place, too, for me and my family?

FIRST NATIVE: Well, what can you bring to our town?

IMMIGRANT: I can bring you my labor, if you need it. There are many places where I can sell my strength, but there are few places that will take my work and in return give me a real home.

SECOND NATIVE: Where do you come from?

IMMIGRANT: In Poland, I was born, but ten years I have been in America. My wife has been here fifteen years. We were married and lived for years in the city, but it is a hard place for the children. There I earn good money, but spend it all and have nothing at the end of the year. My wife and I talked it over and decided there must be a better place for a home in America than the big city. A friend told me about Southampton, so we came.

FIRST NATIVE: Well, I guess a lot of your people are coming our way.

IMMIGRANT: Yes, and I think some of your people do not want us to come, but we want only what you and your people wanted, a place where we can have a home and a good place to raise our children. We will be good citizens

when we learn. These children were all born in America. They love your flag as I do. They all go to your school. My people have always loved America. When your fathers went to war to fight for liberty, our fathers over in Poland sent their Kosciusko to help them win their fight. Your flag we have always loved, and when Germany and Russia took away our land from us, the hearts of Polish people turned more and more to America. Will you give us a home?

NEW YORKER: Do you know, I never thought of these fellows in that way before. I believe that if they are treated right they will make good Americans.

SECOND NATIVE: Let's shake hands all 'round on this. Southampton extends her hospitality to all who want a home here and will do their share toward the common welfare.

INTERLUDE

FOLK DANCES (1915)

Swedish Dances: Klappdans, Bleking, Kinderpolska.
Hungarian: Czardas.

EPISODE VII

FINALE

HERALD: Who comes here?

SPIRIT OF SOUTHAMPTON: I am the Spirit of Southampton, the incarnation of the hope and the vision of a people.

HERALD: Have you been here during all the years of the past?

S. OF S.: For 275 years I have been here beside the restless ocean.

HERALD: Yet you seem not old.

S. OF S.: Hope and vision are ever young.

HERALD: Have you been seen before to-day?

S. OF S.: Seldom have I been seen of men, and then but by those noble souls possessed of a vision beyond mere material objects, whose eyes saw the glory of the ideal.

HERALD: And yet you come to grace our holiday.

S. OF S.: Indeed I do; and yet I have been ever present.

In your failures as well as in your successes; in times of despondency as well as in times of exaltation I have lived on, an unseen and oft unrecognized presence.

HERALD: And have you looked with us to-day upon our past?

S. OF S.: I look not backward. I live ever in the present and look toward the future, toward the coming day. My vision is of the Southampton that is to be.

HERALD: See, they are coming now, another generation. Little children they are to-day, but to-morrow men and women—the citizens of the future.

(Children come on stage.)

S. OF S.: To these commit the heritage of the past. Tell them the stories of the forefathers and explain the meaning of all you tell.

HERALD: It shall be done. One by one I'll call them forth.

(Review of Pageant.)

HERALD:

Here in the primal wilderness, e'er the foot of man had trodden this land, dwelt the Spirits of the Woods and the Waters.

(Prologue passes in review.)

Earliest inhabitant of this land, the Indian, a simple primitive soul, he lived a happy, aimless life.

(Indians pass.)

Inevitable it was that he should give way before that band of dauntless souls, filled with the spirit of progress and adventure, and fired with the ideal of a democratic, Christian civilization.

(Puritans pass.)

Co-extensive with the State and church was the school.

(Dame School passes.)

Fundamental to our fathers' concept of civilization was their ideal of the home, based upon industry and protected by civil government and law.

(Episode II passes.)

Not neglected was the lighter social side of life.

(Interlude passes.)

Breathing the Spirit of Liberty with the very air, it was inevitable that conflict should follow a violation of their rights, and very difficult it was for them to live peaceably even for a time with those who represented the power that oppressed them.

(Episode III passes.)

With the bay on one side of their home and the ocean on the other, the call of the waters was ever in their ears.

(Interlude passes.)

From the sea their stalwart sons brought many a worthy prize, and industry was the support and the glory of all.

(Episode IV passes.)

In each period of their history they found the time and provided the place for the instruction of the young.

(Interlude passes.)

When disunion threatened the life of the larger civil unit, the Nation, of which they owned themselves a part, their loyalty was measured only by their ability.

(Episode V passes.)

Welcome indeed was that happy day that saw a reunited land.

(Interlude passes.)

The virtue of hospitality was ever known here. Hearts and homes were open to the stranger, and each new-comer was welcomed and expected to make his contribution to the common welfare.

(Episode VI passes.)

Gladness and joy have been the portion of this fortunate people to whom the citizen of no land is an alien or a stranger.

(Interlude passes.)

And so, upon this holiday, Southampton, to you and to the future I commit this charge. Be loyal to the ideals of your past as you go forward toward that larger, freer, nobler, happier Southampton that is to be.

SINGING OF "AMERICA"

PARADE OF PAGEANT CHARACTERS THROUGH VILLAGE

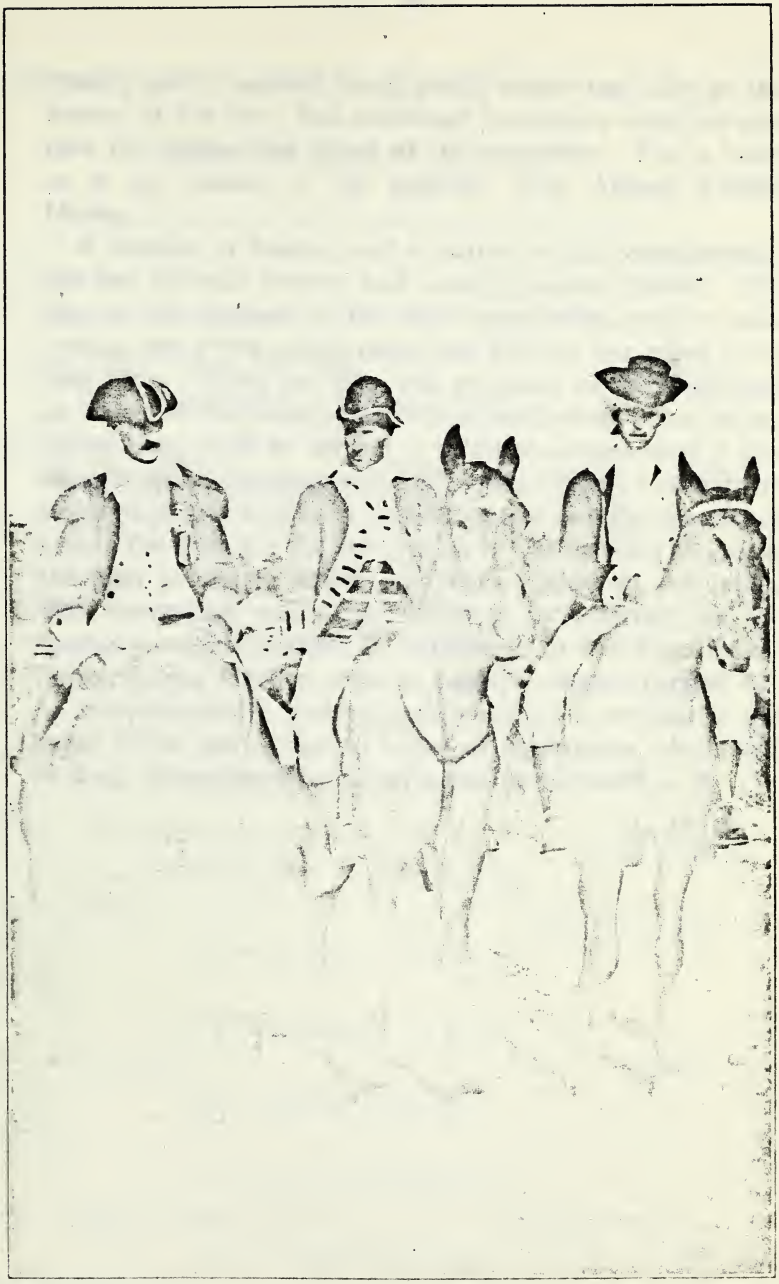
THE PARADE

The parade which succeeded the pageant was, without exception, the most brilliant spectacle Southampton has ever witnessed.

Immediately after the singing of "America," in which the several thousand present had so heartily joined, the marshal and his aides on horseback led the way from the park to Monument Square, where the parade was formed. These, closely followed by the band, led the line of march, with the veterans and the boys in blue of the Civil War episode coming after. Then came the pageant characters, each in their respective groups, marching two and two, led by the Herald and the Spirit of Southampton, two most impressive figures, each representing so perfectly the parts represented. Following the pageant characters came the fire department, with decorated automobiles bringing up the rear.

It was estimated that at least 10,000 people visited Southampton that day. Almost as many were turned away from the grounds as could be admitted, and these were lined up along the street to view the parade. The line of march continued from Monument Square through Job's lane and Main street, down Bridgehampton road and Elm street to the railroad station, from thence back by Main street to Island at Monument Square. Crowds were assembled all along the line, especially on Job's lane and Main street, and cheered most enthusiastically as each group appeared. From the wood nymphs in the lead to the hundred children representing the future of America in the final episode, it was difficult to decide which group received most attention. The Puritans and Indians were ever popular figures, while the sailor boys and the wedding party seemed to be especial favorites. The veterans and the boys in blue won loud applause, while the boys of Southampton's efficient fire department, never in better form than on this occasion, received their full share of approval.

It was, indeed, a beautiful spectacle. The rich colors of the pageant costumes in the fading light of a perfect June day made an impression which can never be forgotten by those many who witnessed it—a day in which a splendid com-



MARSHALL AND AIDS
(Edward P. White)

munity spirit, assisted by all which nature can offer at this season of the year, had combined to make a complete success far beyond the hopes of its promoters. Just a word as to the author of the pageant, Miss Abigail Fithian Halsey.

A student of history and a native of old Southampton, for her its local history had always peculiar charm. The idea of the pageant as the most appropriate way of celebrating the 275th anniversary had been in her mind for a long time. When her plan was proposed to the committee in charge of the event, it seemed so much more of an undertaking than could be carried to ultimate success, that it was thought quite impracticable; but Miss Halsey's conviction and enthusiasm won such confidence that exactly one month before the time for the celebration it was decided to follow the plan proposed, which was done almost to the letter. The committee was most fortunate in securing the cooperation of Mr. Robert K. Atkinson, of the Sage Foundation in Sag Harbor, who, as pageant master, carried out so sympathetically and to such successful conclusion the event which gave color to a day of celebration which will be long remembered by all who had participated in it.

L. H. W.

RECEPTION AT THE PARRISH ART MUSEUM

Saturday Evening 8:15 O'clock

AN EVENING OF REMINISCENCE AND SONG

Instrumental Trio:
R. Hayden Lutz, Leland J. Hildreth, Mrs. J. Walter Kent

Chorus, "O, Let the Nation Be Glad" *Brewer*
Southampton Choral Society

Address
By the President, L. Emory Terry

Duett, "Una Notte a Venezia" *Lucantoni*
Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler

Address
Mr. Samuel L. Parrish

Solo, "The Cross" *Ware*
Mrs. Wheeler

Address
Hon. Erastus F. Post

Chorus, "Sea, Mountain and Prairie" *Mosenthal*
Southampton Choral Society

Solo, "Gloria" *Bruzzi-Peccia*
Mrs. Joseph T. Losee

Address
Mr. Edward H. Foster

Solo, "Homeland" *Kaiser*
Mr. William Wheeler

Address
Mr. Robert S. Pelletreau

Duett, "Night Hymn at Sea" *Garing Thomas*
Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler

Instrumental Trio:
R. Hayden Lutz, Leland J. Hildreth, Mrs. J. Walter Kent

Chorus, "To Thee, O Country" *Eichberg*
Southampton Choral Society

RECEPTION AT THE PARRISH ART MUSEUM

Saturday Evening, June 12, 1915

This was a most enjoyable continuation of the celebration of the day, the public being invited to a meeting in the Art Museum by its liberal founder, Mr. Samuel L. Parrish, whose benefactions to the village are too well known to require formal mention. A conspicuous feature was the musical entertainment furnished by Mr. R. Hayden Lutz, Mr. Leland J. Hildreth, Mrs. J. Walter Kent, Mrs. Joseph T. Losee and Mr. and Mrs. William Wheeler and the Southampton Choral Society. The opening address was made by Mr. L. Emory Terry, the president of the Southampton Colonial Society.

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This was followed by an address of welcome by Mr. Samuel L. Parrish, which met with a hearty response from an appreciative audience.

Hon. Erastus F. Post, of Quogue, next spoke in a very effective manner, humorously recalling that he had received an invitation from Southold to attend the celebration of the founding of Southampton's "older sister," an idea which he promptly repudiated, asserting that Southold's "older sister" was on this side of Peconic Bay, and while the birthday of the "older sister" is known beyond dispute, the birthday of the younger sister, Southold, is not on record, and her history for the first ten years of her life is utterly unknown.

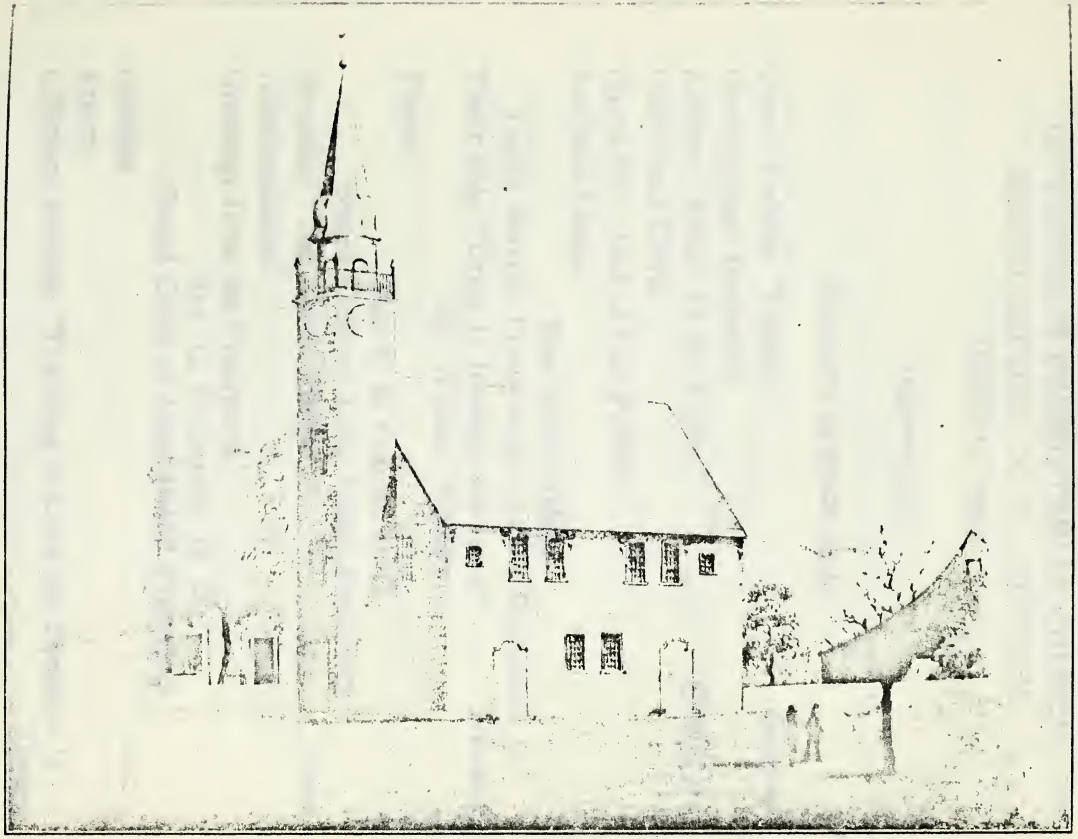
He was followed by Edward H. Foster, Esq., whose address was full of facts relating to the past of "Old Southampton," which, if not recorded now, will soon pass into oblivion. Among other things was a very interesting account of the old "try works" on the west side of the Town Pond, where for long years the blubber of whales was changed into whale oil, with all the accessories of the whale ship except the waves around and the uncertain footing of the sailor.

The closing address was made by Robert S. Pelletreau, Esq., of Patchogue, who might be termed a grandson of Southampton, his ancestors having a part in its history for many years. It gave in few words an eloquent eulogy of

Southampton in the past, showing a deep veneration for the people and the days that are gone, while appreciating in the fullest degree the blessings and conveniences of the present.

Everything connected with the evening was fully appreciated and enjoyed by a large audience, and with deep respect and gratitude to Mr. Parrish, to whom all are so deeply indebted.

W. S. P.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Erected 1707

PROGRAM OF THE TWO HUNDRED SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SOUTHAMPTON, N. Y., SUNDAY, JUNE 13, 1915

1640—1915

MORNING SERVICE 10:30

Organ Prelude, "Legend" *Cadman*
Doxology and Invocation
Anthem, "Praise Ye the Father" *Randegger*
Psalter and Gloria
Hymn 667, "God of Our Fathers"
Scripture Lesson
Rev. Jesse Halsey
Pastor Seventh Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, O.
Tenor Solo, "Great Is Jehovah, the Lord" *Schubert*
Mr. William Wheeler
Prayer
Rev. C. E. Craven, D. D.
Stated Clerk of Long Island Presbytery
Response, "The Lord's Prayer" *Dow*
Announcements
Greetings from the Presbytery
Rev. C. E. Craven, D. D.
Stated Clerk of Long Island Presbytery
Offering
Prayer
Offertory Anthem, "The King of Love My Shepherd Is" *Shelley*
Hymn 521, "O God of Bethel by Whose Hand"
Sermon, "Our Heritage"
By the Pastor, Rev. George J. Russell
Hymn 496, "Awake My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve"
Benediction
Organ Postlude, "Cortege" *Miller*

Evening Service 7:45

Organ Prelude, "Third Sonata" *Guilm*

Anthem, "The Heavens Are Telling" *Hadyn*
Southampton Choral Society

Invocation
Rev. Henry Medd
Pastor First M. E. Church, Southampton, N. Y.

Hymn 121, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God"

Scripture Lesson
Rev. Samuel C. Fish
Pastor St. John's Episcopal Church, Southampton, N. Y.

Duett, "The Lord Is My Light" *Buck*
Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler

Prayer
By the Pastor

Offering

Offertory Anthem, "They That Sow in Tears" *Gaul*
Southampton Choral Society

Address, "The Early Days of Presbyterianism on Long Island"
Rev. Arthur Newman
Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Bridgehampton

Hymn 298, "Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken"

Address, "The Early Days of the Southampton Church"
Rev. Jesse Halsey
Pastor Seventh Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, O.

Anthem, "A Hymn of Praise" *Rutenber*

Prayer

Hymn 533, "How Firm a Foundation"

Benediction

Organ Postlude, "March Nuptiale" *Shelley*

CELEBRATION IN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The church edifice, built in 1707 and still standing, is the oldest house for religious worship in the State of New York; an Episcopal church on Staten Island being the next oldest, was built in 1708.

This church stood on the north side of Meeting House lane and directly opposite the present edifice. In the deed for the church lot, dated August 27, 1707, it is expressly stated that the building had been "already founded, begun and built upon," and that the purchasers (which included all the taxable inhabitants of the parish) "have pious intentions for the founding, raising and building a convenient house for the worship of Almighty God, according to the usage, practice, rites and discipline used and approved by those churches or congregations of Christians usually known and distinguished by the name and style of Presbyterian."

This is the first mention of Presbyterianism used in connection with any church on Long Island, and, so far as we can learn, with any church in the State.

The celebration of June 12 was continued on the following day, being the Sabbath, by a union service connected with the history of the church. After the usual introduction, the Scriptural lesson was read by Rev. Jesse Halsey, a native of Southampton and pastor of the Seventh Presbyterian church in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Greetings from the Presbytery of Long Island were presented by Rev. C. E. Craven, D. D., the stated clerk. The sermon, "Our Heritage," was delivered by Rev. George J. Russell, the pastor, presenting in the clearest manner the benefits derived from the past and our duties to the present and the future.

At the evening services the invocation was by Rev. Henry Medd, the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church. The Scripture lesson was read by Rev. Samuel C. Fish, pastor of St. John's Episcopal church. An address was delivered by Rev. Arthur Newman, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Bridgehampton, on "The Early Days of Presbyterianism on Long Island." This was followed by an address by Rev. Jesse Halsey on "The Early Days of the Southampton Church." Both of these addresses were valuable collections of historical facts worthy of preservation.

As we have seen before, the church became practically Presbyterian in 1707. In September, 1716, a call was addressed to Mr. Samuel Gelston. This was laid before the Presbytery at Philadelphia, then the only one in the country. In this the congregation of Southampton promised "to subject themselves to the Presbytery in the Lord." The Presbytery of Philadelphia agreed to divide into four distinct Presbyteries, "united in one Synod," and the Presbytery of Long Island was one of them. This was the first Presbytery in the Province of New York, and for twenty years or more had jurisdiction over the churches formed in New York and West Chester.

The Presbytery of Long Island met and was constituted in the old church in Southampton April 17, 1717, and is now in the 200th year of ecclesiastical prosperity.

William S. Pelletreau.

Historical

In the year 1640 a colony of settlers from Lynn, Mass., landed at North Sea, and about June 12 of the same year made the first permanent settlement on the eastern end of Long Island at Southampton. They sent for the Rev. Abraham Pierson to become their minister. He graduated from Cambridge in 1632 and had settled in Boston in 1640.

The church was first "Independent" in form and strictly Calvanistic in belief and doctrines. It is not known when the church became definitely Presbyterian, but when the change occurred it was not a sudden or radical one, but merely a change in church government.

The name Presbyterian was used in connection with the church in March, 1712. On September, 1716, the church presented to the Presbytery of Philadelphia a call for the ministerial services of Samuel Gelston and promised to submit themselves to the Presbytery in the Lord. The first meeting of the Presbytery of Long Island, the first in the Province of New York, was held in the church in April, 1717.

Buildings

The first house of worship 1640-1653. In Old Town.

The second house of worship 1653-1707. On South Main street, opposite present parsonage.

The third house of worship 1707-1843. Northeast corner Meeting House lane and Main street.

The fourth house of worship 1843-1910.

The first parsonage 1675-1736.

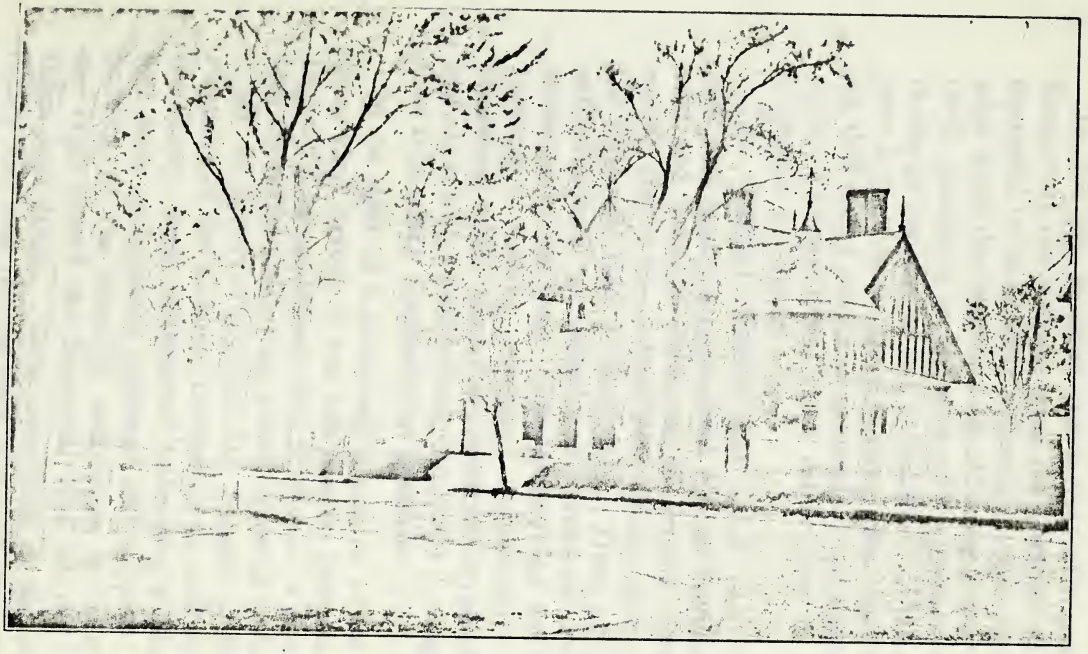
The second parsonage 1736-1836.

The third parsonage 1836-present.

Ministers of the Church

Abraham Pierson		1640-1647
Robert Fordham		1648-1674
John Harriman		1674-1676
Seth Fletcher		1676-1679
Joseph Taylor		1679-1682
Samuel Gelston	(Co-Pastor 1717-1723)	1717-1728
Silvanus White		1727-1782

Osias Eels	Stated supply for an unknown period
James Eels	Stated supply for an unknown period
Joshua Williams	1785-1789
Mr. Strong	Stated supply for an unknown period
Mr. Mills	Stated supply for an unknown period
Herman Daggett	1791-1795
David S. Bogart	1795-1813
Mr. Andrews	Stated supply for an unknown period
Joshua Hart	Stated supply for an unknown period
Amos Bingham	Stated supply for an unknown period
Henry Fuller	Stated supply for three months
Herman Halsey	Stated supply for an unknown period
John M. Babbitt	1817-1821
Peter H. Shaw	1821-1829
Daniel Beers	1829-1835
Hugh N. Wilson	1835-1852
John A. Morgan	1852-1855
Elias N. Crane	1855-1856
David Kennedy	1856-1858
William Neal Cleveland	1859-1863
Hugh N. Wilson	1863-1867
Frederick E. Shearer	1866-1870
Andrew Shiland	1871-1883
Walter Condict	1887-1888
Robert C. Hallock	1889-1892
Richard S. Campbell	1894-1908
George Jeffrey Russell	1909-



ROGERS' MEMORIAL LIBRARY

THE FOUNDERS' MEMORIAL

In this two hundred and seventy-fifth year of the settlement of our historic town the question of a permanent memorial to those early colonists became paramount. Just what form this memorial should assume was a subject for much discussion on the part of the committee which had in charge the anniversary celebration. While several plans were in high favor, the committee were unanimous in feeling that such a memorial should find its expression in some project of educational value rather than in a monument of granite or bronze.

The Colonial Society had upon two occasions—in 1900 and again in 1910—held a Loan Exhibition, when a rare and beautiful collection of articles representing the earlier life of the village were placed upon exhibition in the Memorial Hall of the library. These exhibitions were enthusiastically patronized and proved our locality rich in treasures of the past. The society has for long looked forward to making permanent an exhibit of this kind—something which historical societies everywhere are doing, and often with a background of incident far less picturesque than that which Southampton possesses.

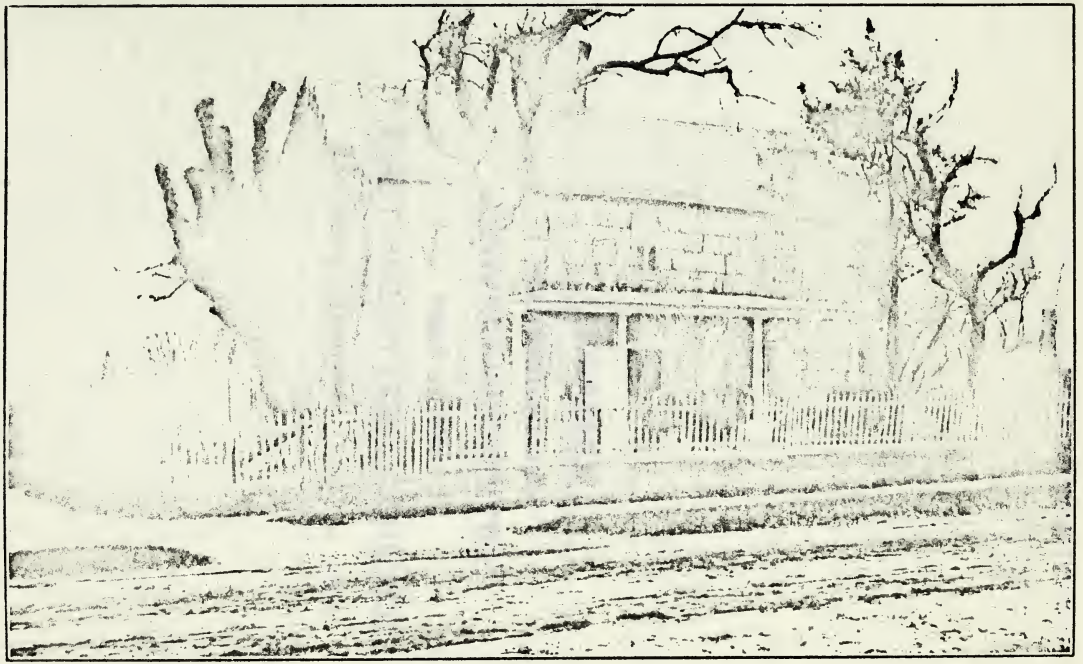
In the light of a permanent memorial to the memory of those early heroes, it was felt that no monument more fitting could be established than to provide a place where the long cherished plan of the society could be realized.

Mr. L. Emory Terry and Mr. Samuel L. Parrish, both members of the Colonial Committee as well as trustees of the library, were instrumental in devising a plan which has met with enthusiastic approval and support. Since the building of the beautiful auditorium in connection with the High school the Memorial Hall of the library had fallen into disuse. Those associated in the work of the library had long felt the need of added reading and stack-room facilities. It was proposed to place in Memorial Hall a ten-foot ceiling, giving ample space below for a much needed children's reading room, and abundant height above for a hall well suited to the needs of the Colonial Society.

Plans for these were drawn by Mr. Grosvenor D. Atterbury of New York, the approach to the Memorial

Room to be made by a Colonial staircase with an entrance to the west opening out upon the beautiful gardens of the Parrish Art Museum. So enthusiastically indeed has the plan been received that the $8,000 needed has been readily forthcoming. The village appropriated $500 a year for five years. Friends who so generously subscribed to the expenses of the celebration fund, raised through the kind offices of Mr. J. W. Fletcher Howell, subscribed at that time also to the memorial. Too much cannot be said in appreciation of the efforts of Mr. Samuel L. Parrish, interested always in all that makes for the uplift and advancement of Southampton. Mr. Parrish not only subscribed most generously himself, but has been instrumental in promoting an interest in the generous gifts which has made possible this twin memorial—the children's room, spacious and cozy, and the beautiful Colonial room. Here youth and age have clasped hands in a memorial most fitting to the memory of those early heroes, a memorial indeed which shall pass on to the future the story of the past in no uncertain way—a past of which we are all justly proud and which otherwise would be lost in oblivion.

Lizbeth Halsey White.



"THE HOLLYHOCKS"
Built by Isaac Halsey before 1663

ADDRESSES

DELIVERED AT THE

ANNIVERSARY SERVICE

HELD IN THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, 1915

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

It now devolves upon me to extend the greeting of Southampton to our friends who unite with us at this time in the celebration of our two hundred and seventy-fifth birthday.

As we look back over the long years of the past and realize how much we owe to our forefathers who so firmly implanted in our hearts those principles of truth and justice which we as a people so greatly prize to-day, we realize that it is most fitting that we of Southampton and the friends whom we are so glad to have with us, unite in the spirit of this occasion with sincere and heartfelt devotion.

Two hundred and seventy-five years ago and twenty years after the landing of the "Mayflower," our forefathers landed on that barren point of land extending out into North Sea Harbor known as Conscience Point.

They came with a noble purpose. There burned in their hearts as an unquenchable fire the ideal of true liberty and justice. In all the struggles, the discouragements and differences incident to such an undertaking they firmly held to that ideal, and in their social organization they laid those three foundation stones which are at the foundation of every true civilization—the Christian home, the Christian church and the Christian school.

We who believe in the great doctrine that there can be no effect without an adequate cause, realize that the moral standards which we as a nation have to-day, have a foundation in the past. For all that is strong and true and enduring in our national life we are indebted to our forefathers for the foundation principles. It can be truly said that the man who has had no past has no future, and every achievement, every attainment worth while, has had as its foundation an ideal in the past.

It is, therefore, most fitting that we set apart this day to do honor to those things which were true and noble in the days gone by.

Again I extend you Southampton's greeting and most cordial welcome, and I trust that when you return to your homes you will carry with you pleasant memories of this occasion.

L. E. Terry, President.

ADDRESS

OF

John H. Finley, L. L. D.

President of the University of the State of New York

THE OLD AND THE NEW EDUCATION

The pleasant remarks of my predecessor, Mr. Pelletreau, have made me feel as if I were not a stranger, but a long-time resident in your ancient town, and a brief examination of your oldest records has given me a knowledge of the past which is not possessed by a transient visitor. In reading and hearing of your beautiful town of Southampton, on this island severed from what was quaintly called "The Continent of New Haven," and settled by "divers godly and sincere servants of Christ," I have been wishing that I might be found guilty of some morally negligible, yet locally serious offense and sentenced to spend a week at least in the stocks. A seat in the stocks was not considered an honorable position, and I can readily believe that it might be far from comfortable, but it would be a great relief to be detained here against the imagined compulsions of State, and it would be a great pleasure especially, if the stocks were placed in the Garden near the Museum. I can think of no revival that would be more wholesome than the setting up again of the stocks in this time of restless civilization and giving to men a chance to rest in spite of themselves. Let us suppose that such ordinances as these could be adopted by our present town rulers:

For excessive auto-mobilizing—One day in the stocks.

For rapid auto-mobility—One week.

For prodigality—A fortnight.

For prolonged vagrancy—One month.

One thought occurs to us that if we were seated in the stocks for such offenses, it is not impossible but that we should have some of the town officers themselves seated by our side. And for frequent vagrancy we might be condemned to a much more unpleasant interview with the whipping post.

In 1648, "it was ordered at a Towne meeting that there should be provided a sufficient payre of stocks," John White having undertaken to prepare them. Such static outdoor compulsions might be a good provision for those who, like myself, have within the last sixty hours traversed twice the length of this State.

We are told that in 1792 a colony of persons went from this place and founded the town of Palmyra in Wayne County. One man became tired of the new place, and, being very homesick for old Long Island, started on foot. It took him three weeks to make the journey, which can now be made in twelve hours. It is the education of the present which has wrought the wondrous change.

And this leads me to say that the two things in which the world has made most marked change or progress since the Colonists settled Southampton in 1640 are in

First. The Mobility of Man, and

Second. The Transmissibility of Ideas.

These have influenced his life and education as well, for if education be, as a highest authority has defined it to be, an adaption of man to his environment—the feverish struggle to widen it has made his education a far more serious concern than when it could be reached by the unlearned age, the untelephoned ear, the oared hand or the sail-spread ship. Time itself has not been lengthened, but we make a great deal more of the same length of time. At the beginning of the last century to make a trip from Southampton to New York required a week. The same thing is now easily done in a part of a day. Are we not, then, living a whole week in twenty-four hours? No miracles of the recorded past can equal the wonders of the telegraph and the telephone. The miracles of the long-gone age are equalled or exceeded by the realities of the present. To-day we hear a man's voice at a distance of hundreds of miles, to-morrow we may be able to see his face. The powers of nature are not exhausted, we are only beginning to learn them.

Who can tell but that the wonders of science may yet bring back a long-buried past, and with the help of instruments sufficiently delicate we may hear Cicero speaking his immortal orations and Homer repeating his deathless song. You have in your museum that cherished record from the larger past, that wonderfully beautiful statue of the Nike, the Winged Victory of Samothrace, which Mr. Wells, after his visit to Boston, referred to as the symbol of the "terrifying unanimity of æsthetic discriminations." But it was after all only the figure-head at the prow of a boat. Its feet

were fastened to a keel. The higher freedom, the mobility of wings, was but the possession of the gods alone, an aspiration of rash men, who fell into the sea for their venturing.

On the subject of Human Evolution, we can only briefly speak. It would be in vain to endeavor to condense into a short address a subject which would require volumes to render adequate justice. The education of the present has enabled us to trace the history of our race by means of scattered fragments that have escaped the destroying hand of time. It is the education of the present which has produced men whose lifelong labor has been to collect and compare the relics of a long-vanished past. The relics of ancient Greece, its monuments and its manuscripts were to the half-civilized Turk only objects to be neglected and destroyed. To the enlightened German and Englishman, they were objects to be sought for with anxious care and treasured with zealous pride, and from them the history of the race has been written and preserved. Far back of them are the remains of animal and vegetable life that flourished and had their dwelling place upon this earth millions of years ago. The rocks give up their long-buried treasures, and in our museums are the forms of living beings of an almost boundless antiquity.

At what time man made his appearance upon earth, or in what particular form, is to us utterly unknown. The earliest relics of the human race show an order of beings far beyond the animals in intelligence, and possessing the undeveloped rudiments of our present civilization. But the uphill road from the beginning to the present has been one of difficulties and danger. Slow has been the march to reach the far-distant goal. The education of the past has been gained with painful experience, but how glorious has been the result, and the education of the present looks forward with bright hopes to something more glorious still.

We must speak of the evolution of the moral nature of man. That "self-preservation is Nature's first law" is an adage that has been repeated often from time immemorial. That it is true in the animal kingdom admits of no dispute, and it is more than probable that it was true of primeval man. But if so, there has been an evolution in the moral

nature of man which, among enlightened nations, has almost completely abrogated it. There is a word, not exactly a new one, but lately coming into use. It is "Altruism." It is the opposite of selfishness. I wish there were some simpler and plainer way of expressing the idea, but how gladly do we see that altruism can take the place of selfishness in the most trying moments and critical affairs of life. A steamship with hundreds of passengers is sinking. Under the law of self-preservation how easy for strong, able-bodied men to take possession of the lifeboats and save themselves, leaving the weak and helpless to perish. But this law of nature is completely set aside, the safety of the women and children are first secured, while the men go down to a watery grave, but honored as heroes.

A rough block of marble is not in itself a thing of beauty, but within that block there is a statue of a god, or the speaking likeness of a man. There are forms of grace and beauty which no eyes have seen, and they lie there awaiting the time when the hand of the artist shall break open their stony prison and bring them forth to light. In your museum stands the wondrous group of the Laocoon, that fearful representation of human terror and human suffering. There is also the statue of Apollo Belvidere, famous among the works of human skill as showing the highest type of manly beauty. What long, long ages have past since the marble was a part of a coral reef in a boundless sea!

Our universe is self-supporting. The time that is past is no longer than the time that is to come; and as the history of the human race shows a gradual, yet constant, advance in knowledge and happiness, what may we not hope for humanity before the final day.

Education, like all other things, has been subject to constant change. The study of the classics has, to a great extent, been superseded by the investigations of science. The old education is like the recoining of gold, changing its form, but not increasing its value. The new education is the discovery of new mines increasing the wealth of the world.

A LA TERRE SAINTE

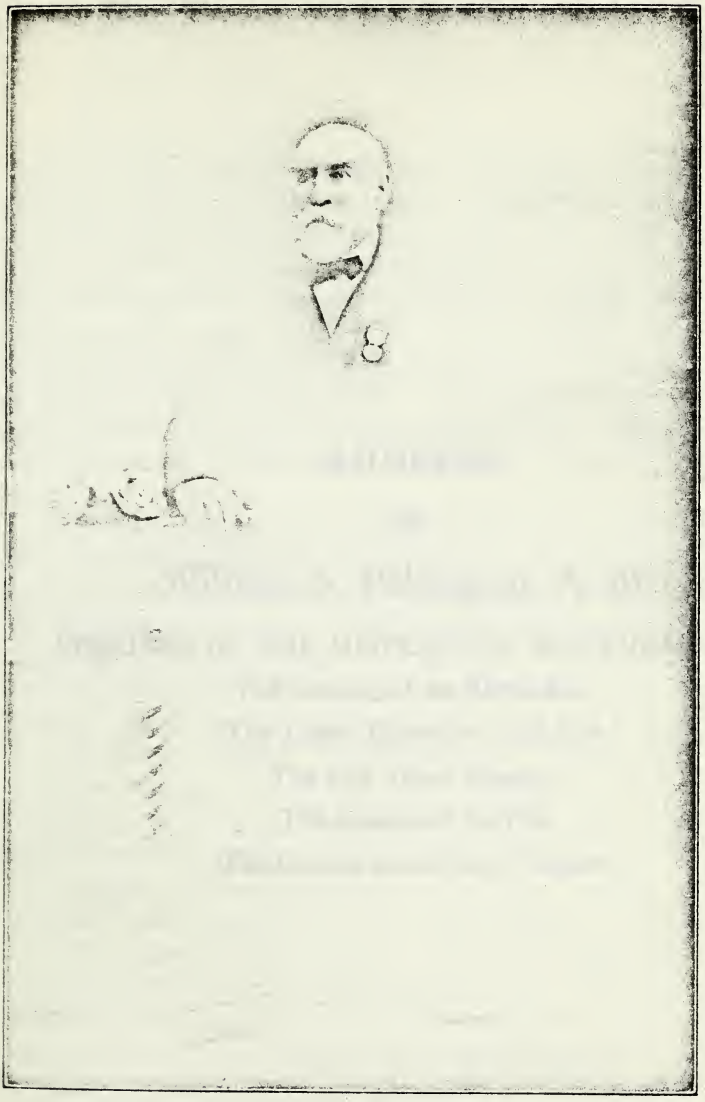
BY JOHN FINLEY

As some gray pilgrim of the Middle Age
(And I am of the middle age myself,
That age when all is mythical,—or else
All practical—when truth of spirit seems
More real than all the buoyant world of youth,
When ever on the known's dim edge one dwells,
Ever in conscious awe of what's beyond.
That age when seen things are but counterpart
Of things unseen, or else the memory
Of something that has been—the happiest age
Of man and life, unwithered yet of time
Yet free of all youth's blinding loves and hates),—
As some gray pilgrim of the Middle Age
I face each risen day, or bright or dull,
Tempestuous or calm, and pray my soul
Long leagues upon the way that souls must take
Before they reach the far and fair Terre Sainte
Whose shadow-bounded stretches we divine
But in our longing for immortal life.

. . . . . .

'Mid dust of earth, in heat and cold and rain,
O'er far-horizoned heights, through narrow vales,
Accompanied of glowing sun, or cloud,
Of one clear star or of the 'circling host,
My body journeys on through aging time.
But not to find an empty, open tomb
As one who sought the Asian sepulchre,—
I seek the Kingdom of the Risen One,
Within.—Long, long and toilsome is the way,
Unceasing must the struggle onward be,
But there's no other way a la Terre Sainte,
A la Terre Sainte!

NOTE: *The above poem was given by Dr. Finley at the close of his address. It has since been published by Charles Scribner's Sons and is here inserted by their kind permission.*



William S. Pelletreau.
June 12. 1915.

ADDRESS

OF

William S. Pelletreau, A. M.

EPISODES IN THE HISTORY OF SOUTHAMPTON

The Coming of the Methodists

The Liquor Question in the Past

The Old Town Meeting

The Schools of the Past

The Coming of the New Yorkers

One of the greatest pleasures of the day is to be associated with a gentleman whose reputation is far more extended than the bounds of our State, and whose name must ever be associated with the most earnest and successful efforts in behalf of advanced education. From the very nature of the case, neither of us can trespass upon the other's ground, but each will be the complement of the other, and we should be proud indeed if any words that we can utter would bear comparison in the slightest degree with the learning and eloquence of which he is the recognized master.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we see here to-day the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers of Southampton, the settlers who remained during the first year. The Howells, the Halseys, the Coopers, the Piersons, the Sayres and the Stanboroughs still remain. In addition to these we also see the descendants of those who might be called the second colony, who came at a later period. First the Rogers, the Fordhams, the Fosters, the Raynors, the Bishops, the Jaggers, the Culvers, the Whites, the Jessups, the Cooks, the Toppings, the Reeves, the Fowlers, the Herricks, the Hildreths and the Posts, and may their names ever remain. With them are representatives of those families whose names are an inseparable part of the history of the State. We have honored descendants of the Van Rensselaers of the great Manor of Rensselaer Wyck; and of the Lords of the Manor of Livingston, that family who, from their political influence, their wealth and intellectual powers, justly merited the title of the "royal family." Besides these we see the descendants of Lyon Gardiner, the Lord of the Isle of Wight, better known, perhaps, as Gardiner's Island.

In the presence of such a company we feel very sadly our own position as being that of a newcomer, for we have only been in Southampton one hundred and ninety-eight short years, while the others we have mentioned have made a long lap over the two-century mark. Notwithstanding this, we consider ourselves as being of Southampton, through and

through. It was the home of our ancestors, the place of our birth, and we trust that our final resting place will be within its limits. To collect and preserve its history has been the greatest pleasure of our life, and perhaps one of its most useful acts; and, standing here, we cannot help feeling something of the exultation that made the Scottish chieftain, Rob Roy, exclaim, "My foot is on my native heath, and my name is Macgregor."

Thirty-nine years ago we stood upon this spot and spoke of the political changes in Southampton since the time of the settlement. Twenty-five years ago, in Agawam Hall, we narrated the changes in social and family life since the settlement; and to-day it is our privilege to speak of a few episodes in Southampton history in more recent years, and to give an account of events, the memory of which is fast passing away, and unless recorded now will soon pass into oblivion. The church in Southampton was coeval with the settlement. The first meeting house was on the south side of Church Lane near the present hospital. A new one was built in 1652. The settlements of Mecox and Sagaponack begun at an early date, rapidly increased. To attend church in Southampton, when the journey could only be made on horseback, would prevent most of them from attending. A church or meeting house for their use was a necessity, and one was built on the west side of Sagg pond in 1686. The bridge which has given the name to the entire eastern part of the town was built in the same year to save the people at Sagaponack from a long walk around the head of the pond. The two churches were identical in religious belief. They were not Puritans, but Separatists, and their creed was the strictest Calvinism of the Reformation, and such was the state of things when the third church was erected in 1707. Sameness of doctrine and a firm belief were the ruling principles of their life. Strictness of life and belief was carried to an extent which we, in these days of liberal views, can hardly imagine. Two hundred years is a long time to look forward to, or look back upon. It was a common belief that they were living in the last days, and it would not be difficult for them to believe that before that time had passed the final day of judgment and the resurrection would have come and the world and all things therein would be no more.

They looked upon everything from a different point of view from ourselves. Now let us suppose that from the point of view of 1707 they should be told that two hundred years to come there would still be a Presbyterian church, but sadly changed from its olden form. No sermons on foreordination, or predestination, nor sermons on doctrines of any kind, nothing said about infant damnation or original sin or total depravity. Only one sermon preached on the Sabbath and the hour glass in the pulpit not even turned once. That there would be in Southampton a new sect known as Methodists, who obstinately refuse to believe in foreordination, and believed that men saved themselves by their works, instead of being saved by grace. Four or five other sects, all preaching false doctrines and leading men's souls to perdition. In addition, a vast crowd whose religious creed and belief is embraced in three words, "I don't know"; to say nothing of others without any belief, but who live without God or hope in the world; that Sabbath-breaking would be the rule and Sabbath-keeping the rare exception. If they were told that this would be Southampton two hundred years to come, they would have held up their hands in holy horror—no such state of things could possibly exist without an utter subversion of church and state, and Satan's kingdom had come to Southampton, and come to stay. It would be certain that the vials of God's wrath were filled up and ready to be poured forth upon a sinful world, and such a state of sin and wickedness could be nothing less than a harbinger of the speedy coming of the Judgment Day.

Now the two hundred years have passed into history, and looking upon things from the point of view of 1915, we see all these sects living together in peace and harmony, no one domineering over the rest or wishing to do so. Difference in religious belief no longer an excuse for rancor, hatred and animosity. What was once called heresy, and now freedom of thought, is an undisputed right. The power over men's minds and souls once held by creeds and doctrines and dogmas is rapidly passing away, and the tendency of modern religious thought is to restore religion to its primitive purity and simplicity, knowing that religion existed before creeds were invented, and will continue to exist when creeds are forgotten. The time and labor once ex-

pended on lengthy sermons upon doctrines, is now employed in doing good in a much better way, and with far greater effect. If the peace and tranquility, the comforts, conveniences and luxuries that we have around us is Satan's kingdom, then Satan's kingdom is not so bad as it might be. It seems more like the Millenium.

The truth is that our ancestors, excellent as they were, and to whose memory we cannot show too much honor and respect, were guilty of two mistakes. One was that there is no road to heaven except our road, all other roads must end in perdition. Another was that Satan's kingdom embraces all who do not think as we think or believe as we believe.

Everything went on quietly in Southampton. In its only church the doctrines were preached as they had been for two hundred years, when there came to the place what was considered a disturbing element. And Southampton has reason to bless the day of its coming.

Methodism began in England in 1723. In 1735 its members were fourteen persons, all students at Oxford, and obtained their name from the exact regularity of their lives. When they began the whole kingdom of England was fast tending to infidelity. Of the theological difference between them and the Presbyterians it is hardly necessary to speak—but it was the radical difference between predestination and freewill, and doctrines at that time were of far greater importance than at present. Methodism obtained a foothold in New York in 1768, and through the unrelaxed efforts of its leaders it spread in every direction.

The man who first preached Methodism in Southampton was James Sowden. When we have mentioned his name we have said almost all that we know concerning him. He lived in Sag Harbor, and in 1811 he, with others, purchased the forge on Forge River, in Brookhaven. Beyond this we know nothing. But that he was the first to preach Methodism in this place we have heard from the lips of men who heard him preach. Of course, the Presbyterian church, which for two centuries had been alone in the field, looked with great disfavor upon the new sect. Is it strange that they were not permitted to hold meetings in the church? Would the present pastor and session be willing that Mor-

mon elders should proclaim their doctrines from their pulpit? Is it strange that the minister should feel constrained to preach a sermon from the text, "These men who have turned the world upside down have come hither also!" They were not allowed to hold meetings in the school house, for that was practically under Presbyterian control. But there was a man in the South End named James Raynor. He owned the house still standing and well known as the "Hollyhocks," which is to-day the oldest house in Suffolk County. Of course, he must have been a wanderer from the highway, for he gave them the use of his north room. When the eleven disciples met in the upper chamber in Jerusalem, how little they imagined that the faith they alone believed would one day be the ruling power of the world. And how little the few persons who met in the house of James Raynor could anticipate the future influence and prosperity of the church they founded. For some years they, as a society, must have had a struggling existence. There was a power for evil in the community to which they could not help being opposed. When liquor selling and liquor drinking were universal no Methodist was ever accused of either. Their numbers gradually increased until there seemed to be a prospect of building a church.

In 1843 a new Presbyterian church was erected. The old building, built in 1707, stood on the south side of the home lot of Captain Albert Rogers, who was very anxious to have it removed. There were rumors that the Methodists were scheming to get possession, and to head them off the church officers sold the building to Major Samuel Bishop, who intended to move it to his own premises as a barn. The story goes that the major was subject to occasional fits of hypochondria, during which he was inclined to take a dismal view of his chances of happiness in the world to come, that the Methodists, as the saying is, "got around him," and gave him to understand that his prospects of salvation would be by no means increased if he changed the house of God into a barn, and, moved by these considerations, he sold it to the new sect for the same sum he had paid for it. At the same time they purchased a lot from Captain Charles Howell and made preparations for moving the building. When Captains Rogers found, to his aston-

ishment and disgust, that the church he was so anxious to have taken from the south side of his lot was to be planted on the north side, he made some very energetic remarks, which we do not feel called upon to repeat. The work was accomplished, however, and the church, under its new name, was dedicated in 1845, the first minister being Rev. Gilbert Osborn, of Riverhead. The society started under opposition from the very beginning. When they held their meetings in the house of James Raynor people who would not attend them would look in the windows to see their performances. It was admitted by all hands that they were "a queer set." Why: instead of standing up to pray, "as folks ought to do," they knelt down. Worse than that, they let women speak in meeting. This was contrary to Scripture. Doesn't St. Paul say, "Let your women keep silence in the churches." We are not a biblical commentator, but we conclude that women had not kept silence in St. Paul's time, and that it was as difficult to make them as it has been in later years. Another fact which prejudiced the religious portion of the community against them was that the doctrines they preached were contrary to what had always been taught as the truth. Anything that was not in the Presbyterian confession of faith and the Westminster catechism must be false doctrines. It was the old story, "No road to Heaven but our road." To preach free will instead of foreordination was profanation indeed. Of all the objections that were made by the religious part of the community, none was so frequently heard as this, "They preach the doctrine that men can save themselves."

Another source of prejudice was that many of them were "newcomers." In that respect Southampton was always clannish. Social condition also had an influence which the present generation can hardly understand, and of which the next generation will be wholly ignorant. The taunt was frequently heard, "The people who sit on the front seats in the Methodist church are the same ones who sat in the back seats in the Presbyterian." This social difference continued to a comparatively recent date. We distinctly remember, when speaking of a very prominent man in the place, some people remarked, "It was strange that he would permit his daughter to marry a Methodist." And it

was also true in Southampton, as it was in many other places, that the blameless life of its members was a standing reproach to those whose lives were just the opposite. The highest praise that was ever given to Methodism was in one brief sentence by Dr. Chalmers, "Methodism is Christianity in earnest." And they were certainly in earnest here. Nobody who remembers the "protracted meetings" of the past will ever forget them. Those who attended them were spoken of as "shouting Methodists," while some, on the other hand, spoke of Presbyterianism as a "dead alive church" whose ministers were "college-bred readers of sermons."

Nothing illustrates the practical difference between these churches in the past, in their relation to social life, like the prayer meetings in the school house. This was a time-honored custom long since passed away, but well deserves to be kept in remembrance.

In a Presbyterian meeting, the seats, or benches, were generally sufficient for all present. In all meetings the women sat on one side of the room and the men on the other. There was always an elder present who presided. Of course, he knew every person in the room, and he would call upon the nearest member to make a prayer. Then there would be a hymn, in which all joined. The women took no other part. St. Paul would have had everything his own way in that respect. There would be no exhortation or speaking of any kind. When the last church member had prayed, the elder would close with a short prayer, and the meeting was ended. There might be a few words of recognition to near acquaintances, and each one taking the lamp or candle he had brought, the whole company would march away to their homes as silently as an army of spectres.

When there was a Methodist meeting everything was changed. The audience was decidedly different. The benches were not only filled, but standing room was frequently occupied. One sinner, who was asked why he was there, replied, "I come to see something that has life in it." There was another sinner whom one might mention who was there for the same unworthy purpose. There are no elders in that church, but there was always some one present who was recognized as a leader, and he presided. There

was no formal calling upon each man in turn. Brother A would promptly begin, and if his prayer did not reach the throne above, it would not be from lack of fervency, nor from want of elevation of voice. This would be followed by a hymn, and they sang with the spirit and the understanding. Nobody had to have a book in his hand to tell what they were singing. There was no nonsense of "sacrificing the words to the melody." The words and the melody went together, and every one was better for it, as they would be now. A sister would follow in prayer. Had St. Paul been present he would have been scandalized at the flagrant violation of his commands. There was no waiting for turns. Another brother would give an exhortation and relation of his religious experience, and a sister would promptly follow with the same. When all had spoken or prayed, and the meeting closed, it would be followed by an animated conversation. It was no uncommon thing for a second prayer meeting to be started which lasted to the small hours of the night, when all departed with love and best wishes. It was this feeling of fraternity which kept Methodism alive in Southampton when to raise a hundred and fifty dollars for the minister's salary was a question of very serious difficulty. Now if any one should suppose that there was any real difference in these meetings he would be greatly mistaken. There was in both the same earnest belief, the same steadfast hope, and the same desire to do good. The only difference was in the way of doing it.

Of all the persons we knew there was no one more typical of early Methodism than the one we will mention. When a small boy, and working with an uncle in the "south-end lot," a man came to us from the street. They greeted each other as old acquaintances and had a long and pleasant conversation. When he went away we inquired, with boyish curiosity, "What man is that?" "That is Philip Reeves." "Where does he live?" "Wherever night overtakes him." He was truly an instance of a man without a home. He belonged to one of our oldest families. He had wealthy relatives, but they ignored him completely. The poorest one gave him a temporary home and made him comfortable while in the place; where he lived elsewhere

we never knew. But he was Methodist through and through, and was a perfect illustration of the hymn:

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man,
Awhile I dwell in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.
Yonder's my home and portion fair,
My kingdom and my heart are there,
And my eternal home."

No storm kept him away from the church. The prayer meeting found him ever present. He had a speech and a prayer, both somewhat lengthy. His exhortation began with the formula, "Friends and fellow travelers with me, from time to a boundless and never-ending eternity." His prayer began, "Most kind and indulgent Father, we, the sheep of Thy pasture and the work of Thy hands," and ended with the words, "And Thy name be praised by every creature." He then repeated the Lord's prayer with great fervor and earnestness. A person who heard him for the first time would certainly think that he had a most wonderful gift for prayer and exhortation. But when they heard it week after week, and month after month, and year after year, the question would arise, "Where did he get it in the first place?" To us this question has always been a mystery. No such speech and prayer as that could ever be extemporized, and yet it showed no signs of being pieced together. It was, sometimes, rather tedious and inopportune, especially when it came near the close of a meeting. But we never heard any one utter a single word of ridicule or impatience. No person having the slightest shadow of sentimentality could help envying his childlike faith, and no one had the slightest doubt of his sincerity. It was a striking example of the eloquence of simplicity. It made no difference to him whether he had a home in this world or not. He knew that there was awaiting him a home not made with hands in the New Jerusalem. How often do we hear the expression, "Heaven, if there is any." "The world to come, if there is any future world." No such

thought as this ever entered the mind or escaped the lips of Philip Reeves. Heaven and the world to come were just as real to him as the world around us is real to us. He died in the early sixties. Neither his wealthy relatives nor his Methodist brethren saw fit to erect a tombstone, and he rests in an unmarked grave. But the resurrection will find him just the same, and whoever reaches Heaven will find Philip Reeves there.

It is a pleasure to call to remembrance the names of Jeremiah Reeve, William Jagger, Captain Charles Goodale, Zebulon Jessup, Daniel Hildreth, Erastus Hubbard and Nathaniel Fanning. These men bore the burden and heat of the day. They labored and others have entered into their labor.

Prejudice between the two churches showed itself in many ways, but we never heard one word from the Presbyterian pulpit reflecting upon Methodism. Nothing, however, would induce Dr. Wilson to preach in the Methodist church, and yet it would not be bigotry. If pressed to give a reason he would say, "These people preach doctrines which are diametrically opposite to ours. Now, without prejudice to them as a sect, and still less as individuals, if I should preach in their pulpit, it would be looked upon as indorsing their doctrines; and that we can never do." Dr. Wilson was fully abreast of his own times, and he cannot be blamed for not being ahead of them. This logic was perfectly valid at a time when doctrines were of more consequence than anything else, but has little weight now, when other things are considered of greater importance.

For long years the church labored under great pecuniary difficulties. The salary was one hundred and fifty dollars a year. It followed that most of the ministers were young men, and unmarried. Wealth, as we now understand it, was entirely unknown. All the members were in very moderate circumstances, and nothing but the most intense zeal could have supported the society. If the minister were married he had fifty dollars extra. If the present occupant of the Methodist pulpit can inform the community how a wife can be supported on fifty dollars a year, he will confer a favor which will be gladly received and highly appreci-

ated. And, incidentally, it might lead to a very rapid increase in his wedding fees.

Notwithstanding the prejudice which showed itself in various ways, we never heard a word from the Presbyterian pulpit which reflected in the least upon the Methodist church or its members or its doctrines. And we can say the same as regards the regular ministers of the other society. But there was a class of itinerant preachers, professional exhorters, who seemed to delight in the opportunity. These were the men who spoke about "college-bred readers of sermons." We remember hearing one of them in his so-called sermon remark, "You ask a Presbyterian if he expects to be saved, and he will say, 'I hope so,' and 'perhaps so,' and 'maybe so,' and 'I guess so'; but a Methodist says, 'I know so.'" Such a speech might indicate, somewhat, a want of that humility which is considered one of the greatest of virtues, and a person so positive as to his future salvation might well pause to consider that he was in a sinful world, surrounded by temptations, and, yielding to them, might fall from grace and be a backslider, a state of things not wholly unknown to the early church, and possible in the present.

There is an anecdote, so thoroughly characteristic of the times, and also of the individuals, which we will repeat all the more willingly from the fact that we know it to be true.

A deacon in the Presbyterian church had a son engaged in business in Bridgehampton. One day he came over to a neighbor's house (that of a near relative) in great agitation of mind. "Aunt Betsy, they say that my son is courting a Methodist girl in Bridgehampton. Now, I can't have that. I can have no Methodist around me. I must stop that." The lady whom he addressed had more liberal views, and she said, "Deacon, she may be a very nice girl, and if you can find nothing worse than that, you had better not make any trouble." To this the deacon made the very uncomplimentary remark that he believed she was more than half Methodist herself, and added, "I must go and stop that before things get any worse." Accordingly he started off the next morning, bright and early, to go and break up the match. Towards night he returned, and he came over to the neighbor's house in post haste. "Don't say a word,

Aunt Betsy, she is rich; she is rich!" It is said that charity covers a multitude of sins, but wealth will cover quite as many.

The honor and the credit of breaking down the wall of division between the two churches is justly due to Rev. William Neal Cleveland. At that time the pastor of the Methodist church was Rev. William Wake. Of him we will say that as a preacher he was the clearest enunciator that we ever heard speak. He would have been just the man to teach the English language to foreigners.

It was a rainy Sabbath, and few present, and Mr. Wake and his flock concluded to go to the Presbyterian church. They took back seats, as some supposed they ought to have done. What was the surprise of some of the congregation when Mr. Cleveland came down from the pulpit and asked Mr. Wake to occupy it with him. He did more than this. He asked him to make a prayer, which he did, and, as one man remarked with most commendable charity, "It was a pretty good prayer, too, for a Methodist." Some two weeks later he asked him to preach, and the invitation was accepted. The veil of the temple was rent. The middle wall of separation was broken down in an instant. The prejudice was like a soap bubble, presenting a large appearance, flashing in the sunlight, reflecting all the colors of the rainbow, but in a flash it is gone and nothing left. No one expressed any regret, but many expressed their approval. The truth is, the hour had come, and the man was ready for the hour. Of the present harmony and peace it is needless to speak, it speaks for itself. They have steeples and bells, as Bishop Asbury feared, but no one seems to be worse for it. They have an educated and talented minister, and nobody complains, and the ministry is well supported. They have fashionable singing, to be sure, which nobody can understand, but then we cannot expect to have everything good, and the church, having survived all its early troubles, is going on, conquering and to conquer.

The Bible and the public schools are the foundation of American liberty, and of these institutions, the Methodist church, its clergy and its people are the boldest, the strongest and the most successful defenders.

At the present time we hear a great deal about rum selling, rum drinking, the Demon Rum. But of all this audience how many ever saw any rum, or know how it looks, or how it tastes. But if any one had come to Southampton in the early part of the last century and could find a man who did not know how rum looked and how it tasted, and did not taste altogether too much of it, that man would be lonesome. One can hardly realize now how largely liquor then entered into the affairs of life. Beer had not been introduced, whisky was hardly known. West Indian rum with a heavy percentage of alcohol was the regular thing. The sloops and schooners that sailed from Sag Harbor to the West Indies came back with that as a large part of their cargo. When the storekeeper advertised a "good stock of West India goods," it meant sugar, molasses and rum, especially the latter. The account books of the most prominent merchant in the place showed more money spent for rum than for tea, coffee, sugar and molasses, combined. At that time tea and coffee were luxuries, to be used on rare occasions. It is one of the changes of modern times, that things which were considered luxuries seldom used are now articles of comfort and necessaries of daily use. Every store and tavern kept it as a regular commodity. There was a place where Mr. Parrish now lives. There was another on Mr. James E. Foster's premises; there was another on Rhodes' corner, which we well remember; another on Mr. Edward Huntting's premises; there was another on the Methodist church grounds, and another where Mrs. Henry F. Herrick lives; while the place that did the largest business of all was in the old house, still standing, but slightly moved, and stood next south of Mr. Corwin's store. An old man told us that he had seen the floor of the kitchen completely covered with casks of rum, and as all the places were running at the same time, Southampton was most decidedly "wet." Now, the men who kept these places were the most respectable and substantial citizens of the place. It was considered no more disreputable to sell liquor than to sell molasses. It was no discredit for a man to drink unless he got drunk. But, alas, that was only too frequent. It was one of the

necessaries of life. A man who should refuse a jug of rum to his laborers in the harvest field would be considered as a man would be now who should refuse a jug of water. Stimulants are dangerous just in proportion to their stimulating power. Tea and coffee are stimulants, but their use can be easily given up, though some of us would miss them greatly. Tobacco is a stimulant, and some think that the habit might be easily given up. But let them ask a whaling captain how sailors feel when they get out of tobacco on a long voyage, and they might change their minds. But the man who becomes addicted to rum soon finds himself under a control which he cannot shake off—the moment he ceases drinking there is a sense of "goneness" and a craving which he cannot resist. No doubt at the present time there are men who drink too much, but the habitual and confirmed drunkard is unknown—but then they were only too common. The "drunkard's grave" was something more than a figure of speech, it was one of the saddest of sad realities. An elder of the Presbyterian church once informed us that he made fifty dollars on a hogshead of rum by the simple process of putting two gallons of water to three of liquor and selling the whole at sixpence a "short horn." Such a state of things would be utterly impossible now. No evangelical church would admit or retain in its membership the liquor seller or the liquor drinker. The frightful effects of the liquor habit are seen on every hand. Lives were cut short, reputations ruined, property lost. In one of the most fertile portions of the town every farm but one was lost by the help of rum. Throughout the country the case was the same, and the United States seemed likely to become a nation of drunkards. We never knew but one man who had become a confirmed drunkard, who had the will power sufficient to break the chain, and the case was so remarkable that it well deserves mention. He was a man of middle age, and his business was fishing on the beach. He had reached that point where his case was considered hopeless, and he consumed a quart of liquor a day. Upon going, as usual, to have his jug filled, he remarked in a manner of bravado: "I am not going to spend any more money for rum." "Why," said the storekeeper, "if you should stop drinking you wouldn't live a week."

That remark made him think, "Is it possible that if I stop drinking I wouldn't live a week? I'll try it and see." He took his jug with him, as he said, so that if he found he was dying he would have it to fall back upon. He told us that for four days his sufferings were frightful. After that the craving gradually went off, and he lived the rest of his life a temperate and useful man.

The temperance reform came to Southampton in 1826, when Rev. Peter H. Shaw was pastor of the church. The General Assembly had awakened to the danger of the country and the church, and had recommended to the clergy to preach against it. Rev. Lyman Beecher was among the first, and his printed sermons were read by Mr. Shaw in his Sunday evening meetings. These caused excitement and opposition, and it was with great reluctance that he obtained from the Session permission to preach against the evil. All the influence of the liquor seller, as well as the liquor drinker, was arrayed against him. He invited the help of the ministers of East Hampton, Sag Harbor and Bridgehampton, but none stood by him, all refused their help. When the day came the Old Church was full. As he said, "Every drunkard was staring me in the face." He preached for an hour and a half in the morning, and more than an hour in the afternoon, and to such good effect that in the evening the first temperance society was established in Southampton. From that time to this the cause has been progressing. It is too true that liquor is still sold, and still drank. But the place is not what it once was as regards the liquor habit. All this has been accomplished by moral suasion, by the united efforts of the churches, and by the general elevation of the tone of society, but not by prohibition. There used to be great abuse of those "who would rob the poor man of his beer," but the poor man is getting awake to the fact that beer and whisky are robbing him, and he acts accordingly.

The town meeting is one of the oldest institutions in the country. It began in the times of the Pilgrim Fathers, and still exists. It must be distinctly understood that South-

ampton was from the beginning an integral part of New England, and separated from it politically only by accident. If it had been left to the will of the people, we would have been still a portion of Connecticut, and governed by laws from Hartford, or New Haven. But in all things else, in race, manner and customs, rules of life, religious thought, language, dialect, and the inner life of the people, we were, till within the last fifty years, a part and parcel of New England.

The town meeting began when the town began, but in the beginning it was an oligarchy, and not a democracy. None voted but freemen and freeholders. There were full-grown men in the town, but they were no more recognized as voters of the town than they were recognized as owners of the undivided lands. It was not till the patent of Governor Dougan, in 1686, that the town meeting, which had aiways existed, received a formal recognition, and to be held on a certain day. The day was to be the first Tuesday in April, forever, and the officers to be elected were twelve trustees, two constables and two assessors. The Town Clerk seems to have been considered a town officer from the earliest times, but he had no executive power, but all the rest were of more recent origin. The first Supervisor appears in 1693. Commissioners of Highways, Overseers of Poor and some other officers were of later date. Justices of the Peace were officers of the Crown, and were appointed by and received commissions from the Governor, and were not elected until after the Revolution. This explains the story or legend that when Capt. John Scott was made Justice of the Peace he rode into the town waving his commission and shouting, "Now I will make North Sea to tremble and the town to fear me." Some inferior officers, such as Poundmasters and Fence Viewers, were afterward added. The town meeting, which we so well remember, was, as it had been for two centuries, the great day of the year. People from all parts of the town met together, and relatives greeted each other who had not met since the last town meeting. It was a long journey from one end of the town to another, and not made easily or often. But to-day a man can go from Sag Harbor to Speonk or Eastport and get back to dinner if he wants to.

It is amusing to recall that religious people considered town meeting "a day of great temptation." What these temptations could have been in that virtuous age it would be difficult to tell. It was whispered that some men would drink too much; but we never saw a drunken man. Bad boys would pitch pennies, and it was curious that that was the only day in the year when they indulged in that sinful amusement. It was also rumored that horses were swapped with the usual amount of honesty and truthfulness. In our earliest days two or three colored women would have stands where they sold root beer and plain eatables. The Methodist people usually had a dinner and a fair, the proceeds of which went a long way towards paying the minister's salary. Occasionally there would be "vendues" or auction of personal property. We once saw a man selling ox yokes and bows. If they were offered to-day, half the population would have to inquire what they were. Town meeting really began the week before. The last Tuesday in March was town auditing day. Then the Supervisor, Town Clerk and Justices met in Capt. Charles Howell's bar room (as it was called) and settled town accounts. One day was long enough. The Commissioners of Highways and Overseers of Poor brought in their accounts, bills against the town were presented and paid. Strange to say, the greatest debate we ever heard was over doctors' bills. People without means would run up a bill, and the doctor would endeavor to get from the town what he could not get from his patients. This led to a rule that in such cases the doctor should make one call, and then report to the Overseer of the Poor. This caused a great diminution in the bills. At the close of the meeting the Supervisor would hand two dollars to each of the auditors. We don't know that there was any law for it, but we do know that it was not refused. Auditing day was also the time for a caucus to nominate town officers. The great strife was over the collectorship, which in that golden age sometimes paid as high as five or six hundred dollars. When we held the office of clerk, by stretching an elastic conscience to the breaking point, we managed to present a bill for forty dollars. The Supervisor shook his wise head and looked grave; but the bill was paid. It was with great interest and amusement that

we saw in the papers an account of the election expenses of our illustrious successor in the office. It seems that he paid out $282. If we had done the same we should have certainly come out —x. We noticed a large bill for cigars. Nothing said about drinks, but that, of course, is because Sag Harbor is a "temperance village."

The town meeting was held in the basement of the Presbyterian church. As Town Clerk, it was our duty to be on hand early with the ballot box. There was then in the Clerk's office a little ballot box which had probably been used for a hundred years. It was about as large as a good-sized cigar box, with one hole in the top. Shortly before our time a new ballot box had been made with three partitions. We could easily carry it under our arm. The tickets were a little strip of paper about eight inches long. At the present time we have heard the ballot compared to a bed blanket, and as for the ballot box—it is more like a dry-goods box.

From the earliest times the Justices always presided at the town meeting. There was a table in the basement, and the voting began by eight o'clock. The clerk placed the box on the table and arranged his paper for keeping the poll list. Jonathan Fithian, Esq., stood by the table, and as each man came he took his ballot, called out his name and placed the ballot in the box. The Clerk, then new to the office, took a good look at the voter, and after that he knew the man and his name. It seems almost incredible that there was a time when we knew every voter in the town and where he lived, with the exception, perhaps, of a very few in Sag Harbor. In those virtuous days it was not considered necessary to shut a man up in a closet to keep him from being corrupted by outside influence. There was nothing to guard against.

We are told that all men are created equal. But it is quite certain they never stay so. The old town meeting was the purest democracy the world has ever seen. Every man in that room had exactly the same rights and the same privileges. But if some irresistible power had taken each man by the back of his neck and put him in a particular place and told him to stay there, they could not have been more effectually separated into different classes, by a sort of

natural gravity. Difference in social position, education, natural ability, pecuniary circumstances, ambition, or the lack of it, all seemed to put each man where he belonged. Year after year the same men sat in the front seats, and the same men sat in the rear. The same men made speeches, the same men listened. The same class of men held offices, and the same class were always voters. There were those who were recognized as men of weight and influence, and others who were nothings and nobodies. There were big toads in the puddle, and there were little toads; but everybody knew which was which.

The town meeting proper began at ten o'clock. The ballot box was turned bottom up on the table, and the clerk prepared to keep the minutes. There was a settee just long enough for the four Justices. In front there was a sort of pulpit from which a good many orthodox sermons had been preached. In East Hampton the town meeting was opened with prayer by the minister, but this was never the case in Southampton.

Squire Fithian presided. The clerk read the minutes of last town meeting. Then followed the election of Poundmasters, four in number, and in different parts of the town. There was no demand for this office, and the former occupants were elected by what the Latin class would now call a *wiwa woke* vote. Then followed the election of Town Trustees. There was a time when they were the most important officers of the town, but now the office is like a mathematical point, "position without magnitude." They have theoretically the management of all the waters of the town, but they do nothing. Some one would say, "I move that at the old board be re-elected." There was no opposition, and the twelve Trustees were elected in about twelve seconds. Then followed general business. This was the chance for a certain class to make a motion or put in a word, as some said, "just to let people know that they were there." One of the virtues ascribed to Old Grimes in the song was

> "He made no noise town meeting days,
> As many people do."

The first thing was in relation to the "Dog Fund." There was a tax on dogs, which was intended to pay the damage

done by them to sheep. As there were a great many dogs and very few sheep, the balance could be voted for other purposes. Sometimes it was given to the Supervisor to eke out the contingent fund, sometimes to the Overseer of the Poor, sometimes to the Commissioners of Highways. This being over, other things were in order.

One thing should be mentioned. It was the settled policy never to permit a man to bring his private grievances into a town meeting. If he had any dispute with any one he must settle it outside. It was sometimes attempted, but never successfully.

The Commissioners of Highways read their report, and the Overseers of the Poor. The amount voted for the former for the coming year might be $600 or $800, seldom more. Five hundred dollars was generally enough for the support of poor, who were then kept in an old-fashioned house at Sagaponack. This sum in war times was greatly increased. By this time noon had come and the meeting adjourned for an hour. Promptly at one o'clock it re-assembled and unfinished business taken up. Sometimes the meeting would be enlivened by a joke. On one occasion the question arose as to what was a proper fence. Some wag (we believe it was Judge Hedges) offered the following: "Resolved, That a fence Capt. Charles Goodale can't straddle, that lawyer William H. Gleason can't crawl through, and Major Daniel Y. Bellows can sit on the top rail without breaking, shall be a good and sufficient fence." The men were all there and enjoyed the joke. Captain Goodale was the tallest man in the town, with very long limbs; Mr. Gleason, great as he was intellectually, and prominent as a lawyer and politician, was physically a little weasel of a man who could crawl through most any kind of a fence; while Major Bellows tipped the scale at about two hundred and fifty pounds.

By three o'clock all business was generally finished. The ballot box was turned right side up and the voting began again. Before five o'clock, when it was plain that every one had voted who intended to do so, the polls were closed The counting began at once. The whole number of votes were counted, the "straight tickets" placed in one pile and the "split tickets" in another. Each Justice took a handful

of the straight tickets and began the count for Supervisor. When a majority was found the counting ceased. For many years it was not customary to give the exact number of votes for each candidate, but there was never any dispute as to who was elected, and it was the duty of the clerk to notify each officer of his election. It was the law then, and we believe is now, that any man elected to a town office, should he refuse to accept, he was liable to a fine of fifty dollars. That probably accounts for the fact that the present Supervisor, Town Clerk and Collector, especially the last, were so prompt to accept and qualify. We cannot think of any other reason, so it must have been to avoid being fined fifty dollars.

At the town meetings then, and possibly now, there were some queer characters, but we can only mention one. Some men from Bridgehampton will smile when we mention the name of Herman Woodruff. He was a most quiet and inoffensive man, and one whom nature intended should sit on a back seat. But he held two offices, and of that fact he was mighty proud. He was Poundmaster and Constable. In those virtuous days Bridgehampton was a peaceful place, and the only duty that Herman ever performed as Constable was to serve notices to jurymen. When the courts met at Riverhead the list of jurors for this town was sent to Herman. All his trips throughout the town were made on foot, and he once told us that he really believed that he had walked enough looking up jurymen to go pretty near round the world. Year after year he was regularly nominated on both Republican and Democratic tickets, and with a confidence of victory which other candidates would gladly have had, he would come to the Town Clerk on town meeting morning and say, "I shall be elected Poundmaster and Constable. You needn't notify me—I shall accept." For a long time everything went smoothly with Herman. But it is a long lane that has no turning, and one year he had a quarrel with Mr. Orlando Hand, who, by some hocus pocus, managed to get a man named Youngs nominated for Constable at the Republican caucus. When Herman found that he had been defeated in the house of his friends his wrath knew no bounds. It waked up all the sleeping lion in his nature, and the fun of it was, that nobody ever imagined

that there was any sleeping lion to wake up. But tread on a worm and it will turn, and Herman proved to be what Mr. Mantillini would have termed "a demmed savage worm." His resolution was very quickly taken. Getting a large number of Republican tickets printed with his name for Constable, he started off on a crusade from Wainscott to Speonk. Wherever he met a Republican voter he buttonholed him; made him listen to his tale of woe, expressing very freely his opinion of Mr. Hand and his machinations, and never left him until he had gained his promise for a vote, which was generally very willingly given. When town meeting came Herman was triumphantly elected. But that year he very prudently waited till the votes were counted, and no President of the United States ever entered the Capitol at Washington with more elation than Herman felt when he came to the clerk and said, "I've been elected Poundmaster and Constable; you needn't notify me, I shall accept." And his election, acceptance and qualification were all simultaneous, for he never had any difficulty in finding some citizen who could swear that he was worth the sum of two hundred dollars and was willing to risk them on the chances of Herman's "faithfully performing the duties of the office of Constable." He has long since passed away, but we wish that upon his tombstone could be the words, "For fifty years a faithful officer of the Town of Southampton."

When the votes had been counted and the result made known the clerk took the ballot box under his arm and went home. The meeting was over, and the meeting room was like a "banquet hall deserted."

No one regretted the passing of the old town meeting more than ourselves, but we recognized that its time was past. In our time the largest number of votes cast was 500. At the late meeting there were 2,500. Under these circumstances, the old state of things is wholly impracticable.

The church and school in Southampton began at the same time. The place has never been without both, and we trust never will be. The Bible and the public school are the foundation of American liberty, and the American people

will see that both are preserved. The first schoolmaster here was Richard Mills, and so far as we can find he was the first English schoolmaster in the Province of New York. He was also the first Town Clerk. His home was where the Presbyterian parsonage now stands. In 1657 he went to Middleburg, on the west end of Long Island. From there he went to Westchester, and was Town Clerk there in 1661. Here the schoolmaster found himself in hot water. The region was debatable land, between the Dutch and the English. To the Dutch coming from the west it was known as the Oost Dorp, or the East Village, while by the English encroaching from the east it was called the Westchester. Governor Peter Stuyvesant declared Richard Mills the ringleader of what he called the "band of English thieves," and sent a company of soldiers, who arrested him and put him in prison in New Amsterdam. A few weeks in this position brought the schoolmaster to his senses, and he addressed a very piteous letter to Governor Stuyvesant, or, as he called him, "My dear Lord Stephenson," asking for release. But the individual known in the pages of Knickerbocker's History of New York as "Peter the Headstrong" turned a deaf ear to his complaint, and he continued to languish. Soon after he sent another letter, still more piteous, stating that he had been "tenderly brought up," that continuing in prison would, as he expressed it, "perdite" or endanger his life, and urging as an additional inducement his intention of "going about his affairs to Virginia," thinking, no doubt, that the Dutch would be glad to keep him away from Westchester. A few weeks later he was released, but the English account states that his imprisonment "caused his death, which happened soon after." Such was the unhappy fate of the first schoolmaster and the first Town Clerk of Southampton.

The first schoolhouse stood at the rear of the present house lot of Mr. Seymour White. The various schoolmasters, John Laughton, whose elegant autograph would be the despair of some of his successors; John Mowbray, Thomas Reed and others, figured largely on our town records. To be a good penman and understand arithmetic was the principal thing. They earned many an honest shilling by writing deeds and wills, a great number of which

are still in existence. He stood next to the minister as a man of learning. If he could sing his fortune was made, and he would be a welcome addition to all social gatherings, and we may add that in that golden age there was no "Regents' examination." The schoolmaster's life was a happy one, as it probably is now. But our object is to speak of the schools as we first knew them.

Where the late Union school building now stands on the hill there was, in our youngest days, a low, one-story double house which had been built shortly before the Revolution. It was then owned by Mrs. Jane Proud, who kept a "dames' school," though we never heard it called by that name. She was a widow lady, and looked to us to be seventy-five years old. She was a little more than half that age. She always wore a black dress and steel spectacles, and had a stick that weighed seventy-five pounds—at least, that is the way it felt when it came down on our shoulders —and she was always knitting a blue stocking. Now, it was a great mystery to the boys how she could knit that stocking and see us whisper and play at the same time. Samuel Herrick, who was a philosopher then and a doctor of divinity afterwards, explained it on the ground that when she had her spectacles on she could see two ways at once. We tried it one time when she left them on the table, but found we couldn't see any way; so we had some doubts on that point. The room was of fair size, and there were low benches along the walls. There were no desks; all the books were on a small table, and each scholar took one at a time, as he needed it. There were about sixteen scholars, as we remember them, all small children. The school books were very few. There was the "New England Primer," where we were taught the elements of reading and theology at the same time. There were verses with little pictures annexed, "In Adam's fall we sinned all," "Thy life to mend, this book attend," "The eagle's flight is out of sight," and another to which our attention was called as a warning, "The idle fool is whipped at school." And so on down to the, "By Washington great deeds were done."

Then there was "The Child's Guide," with the pathetic poem, "Phebe, the Blackberry Girl," and the story of the

"Little Miser," the boy who kept his pennies in a little box which he hid in the garden, and visited it every day to count his treasure; and his father, finding it, took out the pennies and put pebbles in their place and a little note: "Foolish boy, you have lost what you do not use, and stones will do to count as well as money." When Rev. Dr. Samuel E. Herrick, at the celebration of 1890, charmed the audience with his eloquence, he said among other things, "What has become of Peter Parley's Geography, with its wonderful poetry:

'This world is round and like a ball,
Is swinging in the air;
The atmosphere is round it all,
And stars are shining there.'

I cannot find one."

Neither could we. For long years we looked in second-hand bookstores and book catalogues, in hopes to find a copy, but looked in vain. There was one thing in that little book which attracted our attention more than all the rest, even more than the wonderful poetry, and that was a picture of a Chinaman "selling rats and puppies for pies." Few things are so firmly impressed on our memory. When we forget it we shall not be ourself, but somebody else. Not many months ago we saw in an auction catalogue a copy of Peter Parley's Geography. We attended that auction. There were many editions of the book printed, and we greatly feared it might not be the one we wanted. But when we opened the little book, sure enough, there was our old friend the Chinaman with his rats and his puppies. That book was in our pocket when we returned home, and it would take a great deal more to buy it than it cost us. When we take that in our hand it is no longer a book, it becomes a magic mirror that reflects scenes long since and forever passed away. We see there the school ma'am and her black dress, and her spectacles and the whip (especially the whip) and the blue stocking. But of all the little boys and girls that sat with us in the low benches and read the primer and the Child's Guide and studied the little geography and played with us on the hill—not one is now remaining.

When we graduated to the old North End schoolhouse

we imagined that we were a big boy, but we could not make the schoolmaster think so. When the public school system was established, after the Revolution, all the village of Southampton west of Littleworth constituted School District No. 6. Long previous to this, in 1767, a lot had been purchased from William Johnes by a committee representing that part of the community who wished a school. This lot was on the main street, and is now the north part of Nugent street, and on this a building was erected. Many years later, a lot was purchased next south, of the heirs of Dr. Isaac Halsey, and an addition was made to the old schoolhouse, making a very long building. When the district was divided in 1806, and the north part of the village was made District No. 16, the school building was sawed in two and the south part moved to the south side of Job's lane on a small lot purchased of Mr. Edward Reeves. They were thrifty people in those days, and knew a thing or two, so they put half of the schoolhouse on the lot they bought and the other half in the street. Mr. Reeves, who was also up to trap, promptly put out his fence on a line with the schoolhouse, so he had more land than he had before, and money besides. Of both these schoolhouses, very accurate likenesses have been preserved and will be interesting in time to come. But the interior of the North End schoolhouse has never been described, and we are glad to be able to keep it in remembrance. The building was about thirty feet long and eighteen wide. There was an aisle through the center and a stove stood in the middle. On each side was a row of big desks, each more than six feet long. There was a sloping top, but no moveable lid, and each desk was divided into three parts. In front of the desk was a wooden bench of the same length. Each desk was intended for four boys, but sometimes five were crowded in. At the north end was a stout wooden post cased, which supported the chimney. On each side of this was a blackboard, one much larger than the other, and also a narrow window which could be taken out. The teacher's desk was a heavy, clumsy affair, the posts of which would be large enough for the rafters of a house in this degenerate age, and on the side of the room close to this was another large desk. This was not considered a desirable seat, it was quite

too near the teacher for that. At the extreme south end of the room was a short desk and bench. This was for colored boys, when there were any, and in front of that was a moveable desk, lower and better than the rest, and considered a very desirable seat. It accommodated two scholars. On each side of the aisle in front of the desks were low benches for small boys and girls. The boys' desks were on the west side of the room. There were two windows on each side of the room and one at the south end. The boys were anxious to sit by the windows, so as to have "more light on their books"—at least, that was the reason given.

Contrary to our own opinion, we were considered a small boy, and at first had to sit on the low bench. Then we began to study the table book, and those tables of addition and the rest—there seemed to be no end of them; but they were finally conquered. But the lesson which was considered, and very justly, the most important of all was the spelling lesson. There is no country in the world where the same language is spoken universally so large as the United States. And this is in no small degree owing to "Webster's Spelling Book." It is said that of this school book 21,000,000 copies were printed. It was printed on the only press in the country that could print on both sides at once, and it reached every part of the land. Among other things, it contained the story of the milkmaid who counted her chickens before they were hatched, and how she came to grief. But the one which was most used in our school was Lyman Cobb's Speller. Day after day we studied that. Among other things, it contained the poem of the "Cuckoo," one of the most beautiful poems in the English language.

When the spelling class was called the boys and girls stood up in a row on the floor. All the boys in the summer were barefooted, and a straight line was made by putting their toes on a crack in the floor. The schoolmaster, with book in one hand and a stick in the other, began at the head of the class. If a scholar missed a word the next who could spell it went above him, and sometimes a boy or girl would go several steps toward the head. When the lesson was over the teacher put down the name of the scholar at

the head, and he then took his place at the foot. The class was then numbered, and no scholar forgot his number, and all came in regular order the next day. On Friday afternoon the scholar who had been at the head the most times received a ticket, which was highly valued. Some of these are still in existence. If a boy missed many words, and had not studied his lesson, and especially if he had been caught whispering, there was another side to the story. He was ordered to bend over and put his finger on a nail in the floor; the teacher then vigorously applied his ruler where he thought it would do most good. It is astonishing how it quickened the intellect and improved the manners and rendered the boy more attentive to his book. For the benefit of the principal of the public school we will say that this method is not patented.

There is one thing about little boys, they don't stay little. When we were allowed to sit at a desk, then we were a big boy indeed. It was thus that we were promoted to Smith's Arithmetic and read in "Sanders' Fourth Reader," of which we remember the poem, "How Big Was Alexander, Pa?" and from that we went to Porter's "Rhetorical Reader" and Smith's Grammar. "Peter Parley" had long been left behind, and we became introduced to Morse's Geography. The change in geography of our country since that time is wonderful. Immense territories have been cut up into states, whose names were unknown at that time. And to speak of other changes in every branch of knowledge, it would take volumes to contain them. The studies were confined to the plain English branches. We wish to speak of the customs of the past. The entry to the schoolhouse was about six feet square, and half of an ancient millstone served as a doorstep. In one corner of the entry was a little shelf, and on it was a water pail, and a tin cup hung on a nail. Just before recess in the forenoon two boys were sent to Captain Isaac Sayre's pump to get a pail of water. There was no lack of volunteers for that purpose. All the scholars drank out of the same tin cup. But now what a howl there would be about "unsanitary." They have discovered, or pretended to discover, that everything is unsanitary. The slate and pencil, the sponge, the tin cup, the water pail, the boys that brought it and the boys who

drank it—all unsanitary. In spite of all the ridiculous nonsense about sanitary, the health of the scholars in the North End school was better than in the present High school. The school was never closed on account of some imaginary fear of an epidemic. But one thing we must not fail to mention: the goose-quill pen. When they were first used must have been in ages long past. But one of the indispensable qualifications of the old-time school master was ability to make a quill pen. Writing of every kind was done with them. Look in the advertisements of old newspapers, and goose quills were a regular article of trade. Charges for quills was one of the regular expenses of a lawyer's office, and, in fact, of any other business. When a boy started for school a goose quill was part of his outfit. When the pen was worn it was the schoolmaster's duty to mend it. We remember the last goose quill that made its appearance. Old Mr. David White, who lived where Mrs. Elmer Smith now lives, had a boy whose name was Charles Williams. He was about four feet three inches high and about three feet four inches in circumference. So it is not strange that the boys changed his name to "Daddy Fat." Mr. White's ideas of school were the same as when he was a boy. So "Daddy Fat" was sent to school with a slate and pencil, a very few books and, after the manner of our ancestors, a goose quill to make him a pen. Steel pens had then come into general use, and when the boy gravely handed the goose quill to the schoolmaster that dignitary stared in astonishment and said he had not made a pen in ten years, had forgotten how and didn't mean to learn. Somebody gave the boy a steel pen and all was well. That was the last relic of the olden times.

There was one little girl in the school who was a general favorite, and one little boy expressed with great earnestness and evident sincerity his opinion that she was "the prettiest girl in the world." I was not the boy. Then, and possibly now, all girls looked alike to us. We might, perhaps, say that the boy was rather small, and the world is rather large, and there may have been pretty girls that he never saw. But we are not disputing the truth of his statement. All we can say is, "the prettiest girl in the

world" is with us to-day—but we are not naming any names.

Of all the boys in that school, how few remaining. One of them was a captain in after years, and now, with a gallant ship and a still more gallant crew, rests under the waves of the Pacific Ocean. Another perished among the icebergs of the North. Another and another found graves in distant portions of our own land, and of the few that are left, the hand of fortune and chance has scattered them so widely that we may almost exclaim, like the messenger of evil tidings to Job, "I only am escaped alone to tell thee."

Every village has its "oldest inhabitant," and Southampton is no exception. The "oldest inhabitant" is apt to be of a pessimistic nature, a great admirer of the good old times, and looking with no great favor upon modern changes. When we spoke with the oldest inhabitant we found he had an era from which he dated everything, and that was, "Before the Yorkers came here." Then Southampton was Southampton, everybody was virtuous and everybody was happy. Now, alas, owing to the baleful influence of the Yorkers, there are none happy and very few virtuous. But they have come and overflowed us like a deluge. But who was the first New Yorker? His name was William Onderdonk. He was a member of one of the oldest Knickerbocker families, a man of good education, a nephew of Bishop Onderdonk of New York and of Bishop Onderdonk of Pennsylvania. With no family cares and ample means to enjoy life, after his idea, and that idea was to come to Southampton and go gunning. In fact, for long years Southampton was his home. For one or two months in the winter he may have lived in the city, but the earliest in the spring and the latest in the fall he lived here, and his home was at the house of Major Josiah Foster. We remembered seeing him when a boy. He was tall and large, not particularly good looking, and had, as we distinctly remember, a very protuberant stomach. Wild fowl were abundant in those days, and he was a skilled marksman. His attitude towards the people was a sort of patronizing familiarity. His being from the city gave him

a prestige. It was the belief that people who lived in New York must be a superior race, an idea not yet wholly extinct. Everybody knew everybody; but at that time there were not so many either to know or to be known. When this church was built he was a liberal contributor. In response to a remark made in his presence, he said, "I am a bachelor, but not old." At that time probably not half the people had ever seen New York. It took longer to go to the city than it now takes to go to Chicago or St. Louis. And all things considered, it cost twice as much to go there as it does now. In his gunning excursion, he had a horse named Magnum Bonum. "Ah," said Mr. Onderdonk, "what a lie that was. He was neither great nor good. He was a very small horse, and he was a vicious devil." When old and no longer able to carry a gun, he said that all the happiness of his life was gone. He died in New York at a very advanced age in 1855. Such was the first New Yorker.

The next was of a very different kind. They were the three "De Bost boys," Charles, Brunel and Depeyre De Bost. Those names will awaken an echo in many of the hearts in Old Southampton. They were grandsons of Rev. David Schuyler Bogart, for many years minister in this place. Their father was a man unfaithful to his trust and neglected and deserted his family, and the boys were sent to Southampton by their grandfather to get them away from city life, and where they could have the advantages of the acad emy then recently established. For long years they were the life of the place, and most popular among the young people. In all fun, frolics and mischief (especially the last) they were the ringleaders. Excellent scholars in the academy and full of the vivacity which they had inherited from their French ancestry. On Saturdays they were glad of a chance to earn a few shillings by helping the farmers. As soon as they could raise money to pay for it, each had a gun, and their aim was certain. On one occasion Depeyre brought a duck to Mr. Onderdonk to learn its name. "My boy, that is a fine canvas back duck. I'll give you fifty cents for it." The bargain was quickly made and the fifty cents went for more powder and shot. The oldest boy, Charles, lived with Mr. David White, who lived to the age

of ninety-six, the then oldest inhabitant. The other two lived with Mrs. Brown in an old house on the south corner of Toilsome lane. When they arrived to manhood they all engaged in business in the city. But every summer they returned to Southampton as regularly as swallows to their old nesting place. Their coming was the herald for a great general picnic at Millstone brook. All the young people of the place were gathered on that occasion. But new lords now own Millstone brook, and with them have come new laws. The picnics are things of the past, but they have left pleasant memories behind them.

The quiet, uneventful, every-day-alike life of Uncle David White was in vivid contrast to the rapid career of "Charley De Bost," and he used to say that although Uncle David White was sixty years older than he was, yet he had lived a great deal more than Mr. White. But these people who live a great deal in a short time never live to be the oldest inhabitant, and Charles De Bost passed away at an early age.

Many years ago there was living in Bridgehampton a young man named Nathan Rogers. He was learning the trade of a ship carpenter in Sag Harbor, and one day received a terrible cut with an adz, which incapacitated him from further labor. That was Nathan Rogers' lucky day. He took up the business of portrait painting, for which he had a natural gift. In this he acquired both fame and fortune, and he built the finest house in Bridgehampton, which is still standing and known as the "Hampton House." This place was purchased by Brunel De Bost, but he only held it a short time and went to Chicago, engaged in business and lived and died there. Of the three brothers, Depeyre was the only one who still remained connected with the place and built the first house in the New Southampton. In personal appearance he was very stylish. As a man once said to us, "If you should meet Depeyre De Bost in Wall street, with his beaver hat and broadcloth and kid gloves, and cane and buttonhole bouquet, you would think he owned Wall street." No, indeed! We would not think anything of the kind. The men who own Wall street never make their appearance there in any such garb as that. Those who have seen the magnates, whose names are a power in

the financial world, will agree with us that they are the plainest of all plain people.

Depeyre De Bost was the discoverer of New Southampton, and he always insisted that he brought Doctor T. Gaillard Thomas here and introduced him to the place. On the other hand, Dr. Thomas declared that De Bost had nothing to do with his coming, and he would have come here if Mr. De Bost had never lived. We shall not attempt to settle this question, but there is one thing certain. If Mr. De Bost was the discoverer of Southampton, Dr. Thomas was the developer. How he came in possession of his lot is worthy of mention as a reminiscence of the old times. In our boyhood days it was owned by an old man named Sylvanus Howell, whose father had owned it before him. He had been a whaleman in his younger years. He lived in his own house, a double, one-story building, where the residence of Mrs. Allen now stands. When we knew him his only business was to go every day to Uncle "Bob" Rhodes' store to get his "eleven o'clock drink" and meet old cronies. Dr. Wilson, the minister, used to say that you could set a clock by the time he went past the parsonage. He had no relatives in Southampton, but he had a brother who lived in Lodi, in the western part of the state. When old age came on he resolved to sell all his property and go and live with his brother. Accordingly he made Mr. William R. Post his attorney, to offer the property for sale. Farmers went to see the fourteen-acre lot and shook their heads. There were two fatal objections to that lot. It was all outside fence, and it was next to the ocean, and "the ocean was a bad neighbor." At the auction the auctioneer expatiated on the richness of the soil and its nearness to the village, but he took good care not to mention outside fence, nor its proximity to the Atlantic Ocean. One man had the rashness to bid twenty-five dollars an acre. That was hardly enough, and the lot was "bid in" at that. The next day Capt. Charles Goodale offered twenty-seven dollars and a half, and the offer was quickly taken. The captain declared that after straightening the fence and using the odd rails he had more fence than he needed. He said afterwards that he got his money back the third year. But people were inclined to take his

statements with a grain of allowance. When the New Southampton had begun to come and Dr. Thomas offered $200 an acre, old people shook their heads a second time. That Capt. Goodale had made a tremendous bargain was undisputed. But anybody who would give such a price for such a lot could not be very smart. And as for Dr. Thomas, it was a plain case he was "not so smart as he thought he was." When we consider that half of that lot has been sold at a reputed price of $20,000 we can see the difference between the old and the new. And it might lead to the conclusion that Dr. Thomas was much smarter than his critics. It seems strange to remember that we have seen all the land on the south side of Gin lane sold at about thirty dollars an acre and called it a good price. At the time of Sylvanus Howell's auction another lot was sold, and is now the homestead of Mr. Henry A. Robbins. This lot is interesting in an historical point of view from the fact that it was the original home lot of Richard Smith, afterwards the patentee and founder of Smithtown and one of the most remarkable men on Long Island. This lot had the disadvantage of outside fence, but it had also the advantage of the pond for watering cattle, and it was far enough from the ocean to be out of danger. This brought the extravagant price of fifty dollars an acre. People shook their heads again. Nobody could afford to pay such a price unless he had plenty of money, and Capt. Edward Sayre, who purchased it, was supposed to be in that enviable position. Of its present value we can only guess. While Dr. Thomas lived he was one of the most prominent of the city colony, and did more to advance the New Southampton than any other person. Like most persons, he had his peculiarities. He was great and little at the same time. He was a man who would haggle over the price of a dozen eggs or a pound of butter, and then give a hundred dollars for any public enterprise. His useful life ended too soon for Southampton and the world. Why is it that a man of his magnificent physique, skilled in medical knowledge, knowing how to avoid disease and to cure it when contracted—why is it that such a man should pass away in the prime of life and in the midst of usefulness; while others who live in constant violation of all the laws of health and

know nothing of "sanitary," not even the name, live to be among the oldest inhabitants?

Among those who followed Dr. Thomas was Mr. Wyllis Betts, whom we shall always remember as a learned and polished gentleman. And Mr. James B. Ruggles, an eminent lawyer, the very picture of preciseness, and with a primness that is usually considered characteristic of maiden ladies of advanced age. The first man who kept a handsome team of horses was Mr. Blaise Lorillard Harsell. Mr. Harsell had a coachman named Connor, a very dignified man, and Mr. Harsell was very fond of driving his own team. When people saw Connor with his beaver hat sitting bolt upright and doing nothing, and Mr. Harsell with a straw hat and linen duster driving the horses, they naturally concluded that Connor was the owner of the establishment and Mr. Harsell was the "hired man." This tickled Mr. Harsell wonderfully when he heard of it, and he took considerable pains to keep up the illusion.

Soon after that came the Hoyts, who for some reason were not popular. One day it was rumored that Mrs. Hoyt had purchased a lot in the west side of the Town pond and was going to build a home there. When Old Southampton ceased wondering why she should build a house so far out of the way, the next thing was to suppose that she would build it next to First Neck lane, "as other folks would do." When they saw a large pile of bricks at the east end of the lot near the pond they reasoned again. Anybody that would build a house on the wrong end of a lot couldn't have much sense. Mrs. Hoyt was going to do that very same thing. Therefore (the logic was perfect), she couldn't have much sense. But when other purchasers did the same thing it finally dawned upon their benighted minds that there might be cases where the wrong end of a lot might be the right end. There was another discovery about the same time. To Old Southampton the Town pond was a place to water cattle, and for boys to learn to swim and catch fish with a hook and line, and nothing more. But the New York colony soon found that it was a beautiful lake, and they gave it the beautiful misnomer of Lake Agawam, which it still retains. Mr. Hoyt's house was built to resemble an old-fashioned mansion, and in some re-

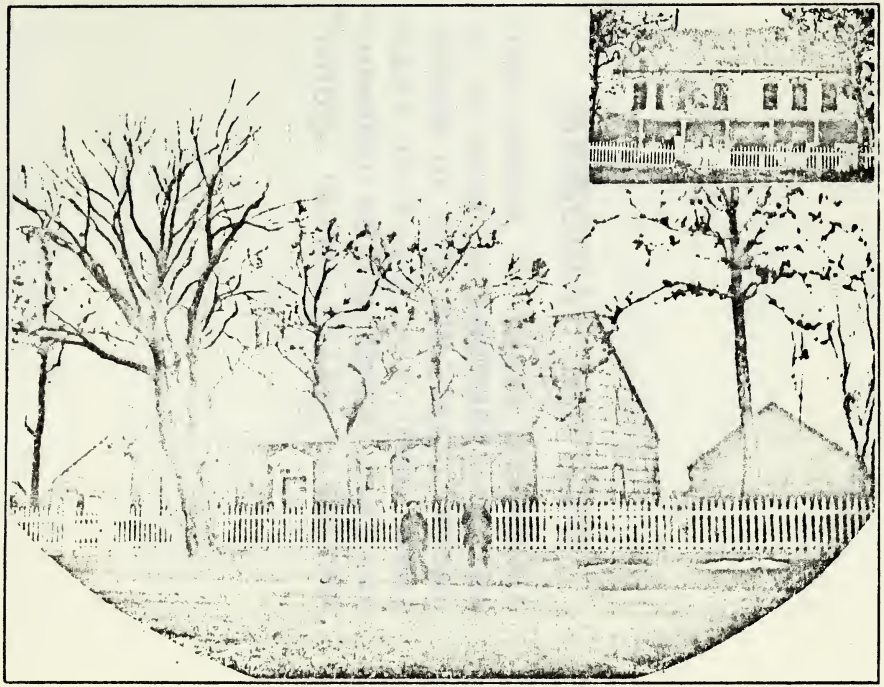
spects the attempt was successful. Some years later it was sold to Charles T. Barney, and while in his possession it was burned and never rebuilt. Such was the fate of the first house on the west side of the lake. When the city colony came they brought the Episcopal church with them. It was soon organized, and the old lifesaving establishment on the east side of the lake was purchased and moved to its present location. Since then it has been so greatly improved that there is little left of its original form. Most people know the then popular opinion concerning the Episcopal church. It was "a rich man's church." It was for people who had their good things in this world. It was the church whose members were lax in their manners and morals, especially as regards Sabbath breaking. It was for people who would go to meeting on Sunday, read their prayers out of a book, confess that they were miserable sinners and spend the rest of the week in demonstrating the truth of the statement. Such ideas were very speedily dispelled, and no one was more influential in this than Mr. George R. Schieffelin, a name which we shall always hold in honor and respect. For some years we had a comparatively intimate acquaintance and had many long and pleasant conversations. There was something about his way and manner, his legal knowledge, his classical learning, his personal circumstances and his social and family connections, all seemed combined to make his position a very enviable one. He drew the articles of incorporation of the church, and as he told us, "I want every one who enters that church to feel that he is entitled to any seat that is not already occupied." Mr. Schieffelin passed away deeply lamented by a large circle of friends and relatives. It is needless to say that the church recently established is welcomed by the entire community, and if any prejudice exists we have utterly failed to perceive it.

We must not fail to mention Mr. Uriel A. Murdock, with some peculiarities—a very jovial and pleasant man. But, above all, Mr. Salem H. Wales, who did more than any one else to make himself a part of Southampton. There was nothing connected with the village in which he did not take an active interest. He was a liberal supporter of the village library, and we wish that the present officers of that

institution would show their appreciation of his benevolence.

All these, and their associates, have passed away. With them we had a personal acquaintance, but with the present scarcely any, but the greatest pleasure is to pay our tribute of honor and respect to one who has done more for Southampton than all others combined. The founder of the Art Museum has placed the entire community under a debt of gratitude which can never be fully paid. No one can enter that building and leave it without being wiser and better for the visit. We simply echo the wish of all, when we hope that his life will be prolonged to continue the work he has so liberally begun. He and I are here to-day as the representatives of two eras. In the periodicals at the end of each year you will find two characters portrayed. One is an old man with long, flowing white locks; lean and cadaverous in appearance, with an hour glass in one hand and a scythe in the other. He represents the old year that is passing away. In opposition to this is a youth with raven locks, with buoyant, elastic step and eyes ever looking upward. He is the new year coming. While we consider ourselves an unworthy representative of the past and the good old times, Mr. Parrish is a much more worthy representative of the good time coming.

The last quarter of our third century begins under most favorable circumstances, and we trust that the peace and prosperity of the present will continue to the end. And when the century is ended and an abler hand and a more eloquent voice will write and tell the story of the past, may they have the realization of what we fondly anticipate. And there is nothing so firmly impressed upon our mind as this: The world is better to-day than it was yesterday! And it will be better to-morrow than to-day.

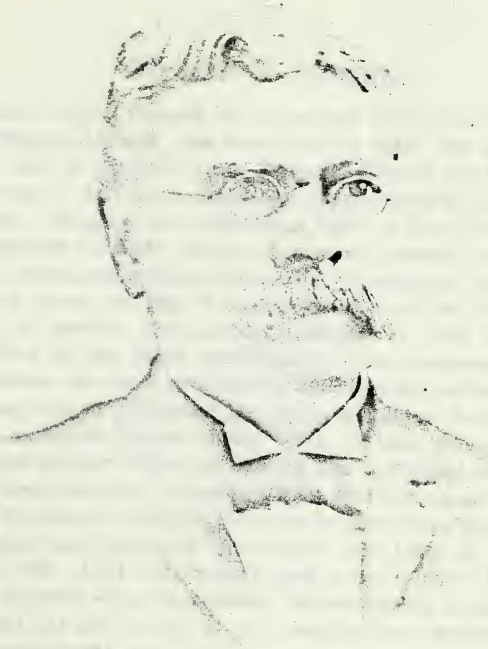


RESIDENCE OF Wm. S. PELLETREAU

(Built for Dr. William Smith, 1759 Rebuilt 1878 Burned March 20, 1916)

MEMORIAL NOTICES

THE OBJECT OF THESE MEMORIALS IS TO KEEP IN REMEMBRANCE THE NAMES OF MEN WHO WERE PROMINENT IN THEIR DAY; WHO WERE HONORED DURING THEIR LIVES AND WHOSE DEATHS WERE LAMENTED.

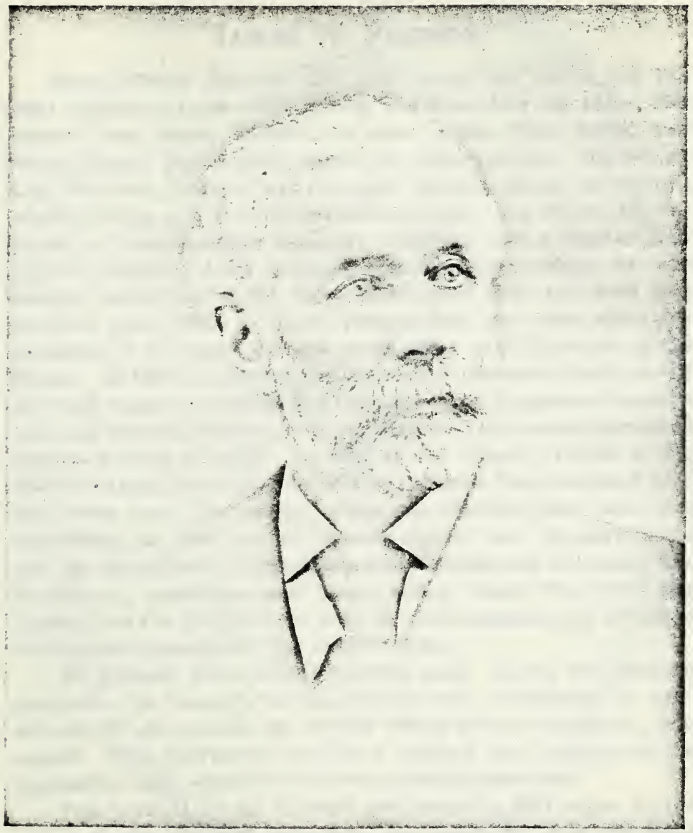


Yours ever truly

George R. Howell

George R. Howell

George Rogers Howell, the eldest son of Captain Charles and Mary (Rogers) Howell, was born June 15, 1833. He was seventh in the line of descent from Edward Howell, the Founder of Southampton. His early education was obtained at Southampton Academy. Entering the sophomore class in Yale College, 1851, he graduated in 1854. After a few years passed as teacher in various places, he entered Princeton Theological Seminary in 1861, and upon leaving it became pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Moscow, Livingston Co., N. Y. In 1865 there was a celebration of the 225th Anniversary of the settlement of his native town, on which occasion he delivered an address. In the following year he published his "Early History of Southampton," the first extended history of any town on Long Island. An enlarged and greatly improved edition was published in 1887, and for his labor the town is under a debt that will never be repaid. In 1872 he became assistant librarian in New York State Library at Albany, and remained there until the time of his death, April 5, 1899. Full honors were paid to his memory in Albany, and his remains were conveyed to Mount Morris, Livingston Co., N. Y., and his last resting place is marked by a monument bearing ancestral arms. An elegant memorial was published at the same time. A fine portrait is in the Rogers Memorial Library in Southampton.



JAMES H. PIERSON (1891)

James H. Pierson

James Henry Pierson, who was during his entire life the most popular citizen of the town, was born May 26, 1838. His ancestor was Henry Pierson, for many years Town Clerk, and whose elegant penmanship adorns our early records. His father, Capt. Philetus Pierson, was for many voyages master of various whaling ships, and a much esteemed citizen. His education was gained at Southampton Academy, where he was a popular and careful student. After holding several minor offices, he was elected Supervisor at the Town Meeting of 1881, and held that position until 1903—a longer period than any man since the founding of the town, and for many years was Chairman of the Board. In 1890 he was elected member of Assembly and served for three successive terms and was on several important committees, and nothing but the great peculiarity of his nature prevented him from being a leader. In 1882 he was chosen Trustee of Sag Harbor Savings Bank, and in 1899 was elected President, and held that office until his death. When the Southampton Bank was established in 1888, his well-known ability and honesty made him the first choice for president, and he remained so during life. His life of usefulness and honor ended March 28, 1914. His funeral was the largest ever held in Southampton, and attended by the most prominent men of the county.

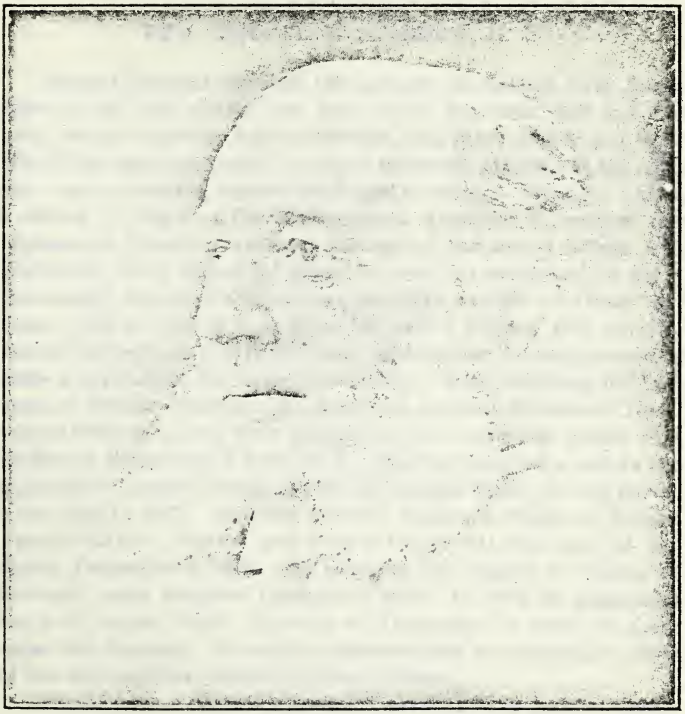
Mr. Pierson was a paradox among men. A man who had no confidence in himself, but everybody had confidence in him. Constantly distrusting the ability which all men knew he possessed. This prevented him from making the prominence in legislative halls which he otherwise would have had.

The portrait of Mr. Pierson was made in 1891, when in the prime of life, the best of health, and under the most favorable circumstances. A better likeness is impossible

JONATHAN FITHIAN

Jonathan Fithian

Jonathan Fithian, who was so long identified with the public affairs of the town of Southampton, was born in East Hampton in 1796 His ancestor, William Fithian, was one of the earliest settlers of that town. He came to Southampton in 1820, with a prestige from his native place as a young man of ability, and as having been an assistant teacher in Clinton Academy. For several years he was teacher in the village school in this place, and in 1825 was elected Town Clerk and held that office until 1844. He was again elected in 1848, and 1849. In 1828 he was elected Justice of the Peaee, and continued in that office until the time of his death, a period of 37 years, and as "Squire Fithian," was universally honored and esteemed. In 1856 he was elected Supervisor, and held that office until 1861. In that year Col. Edwin Rose was elected to the office, and upon his resigning to take part in the Civil War, Mr Fithian was appointed in his place and was elected 1862, 1863, 1864. To the regret of all who knew him, Jonathan Fithian passed away June 4, 1865, leaving an honored memory behind.

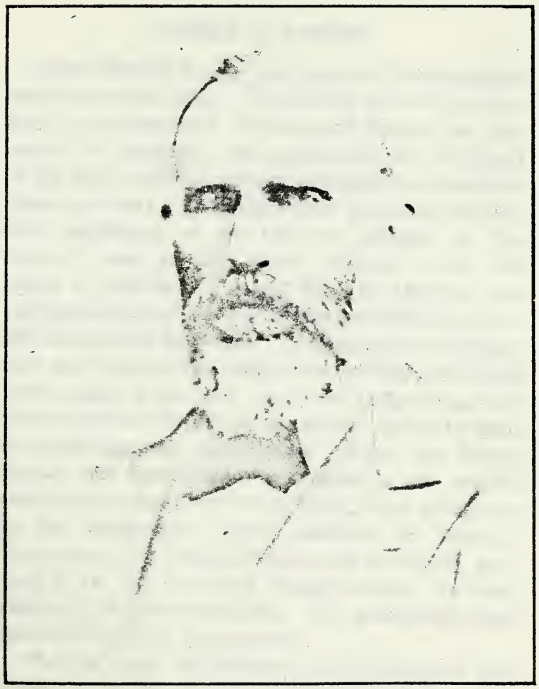


REV. SAMUEL E. HERRICK, D. D.

REV. SAMUEL E. HERRICK, D. D.

Samuel Edward Herrick, the seventh in descent from James Herrick the first settler, was born April 6th, 1841, and was the only son of Captain Austin Herrick and Mary Jagger, his wife. His father who was one of the most esteemed citizens of the village, was a whaling captain and made thirteen voyages. After a course of study at the Southampton Academy he entered the Sophomore Class in Amherst College at the age of fifteen and graduated with honor in 1859. It was his ambition to be a thoroughly educated scholar, and not to be captain of a base ball team. Out of twelve men from his native village, who entered various colleges at nearly the same time, he was the only one who made a reputation for talent and ability. After teaching for two years at Bridge Hampton Academy, he entered Princeton Theological Seminary, and after graduating was ordained pastor of a church in Woppinger's Falls, N.Y. Having received a call to the Broadway Congregational Church in Chelsea, Mass., he was pastor from 1864 to 1871. He then became Associate Pastor of Mount Vernon Church, Boston and then a Pastor till the time of his death, December 4, 1904. He received the Degree of Doctor of Divinity, from Amherst College in 1878. In 1885 he published his only work, "Some Heretics of Yesterday," a book of great value and interest. It is to be regretted that no memorial worthy of the man and his works has been written.

His life was a success, a constant advance from good to better.

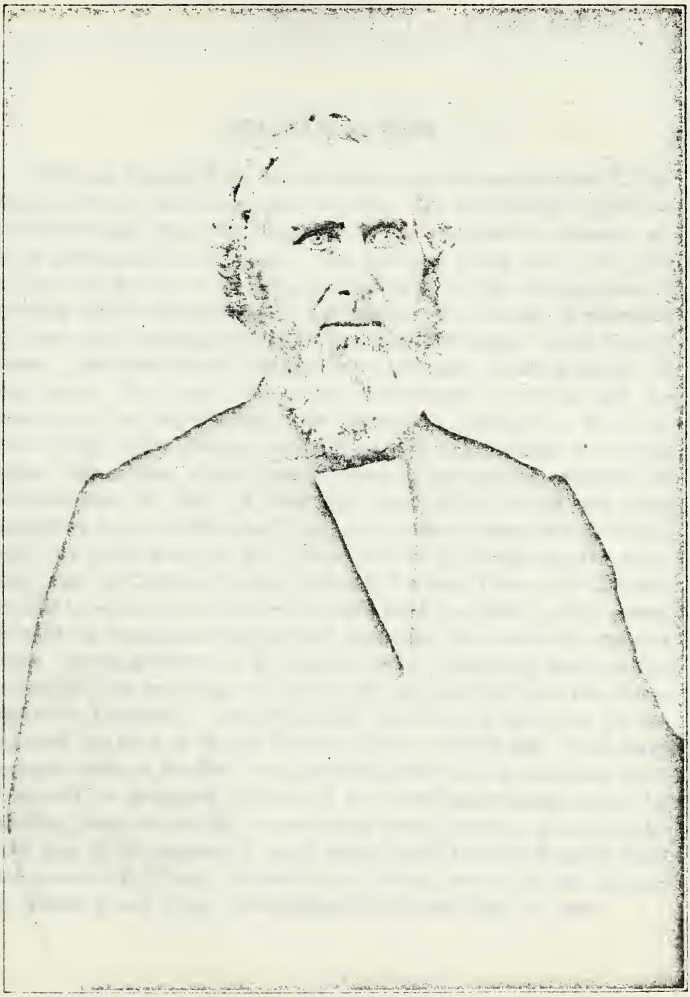


JAMES H. FOSTER

JAMES H. FOSTER

James Harvey Foster was born in Southampton, September 15th, 1840. He was the seventh generation in descent from Christopher Foster, the first settler of the name. His education was obtained at the public school, and in Southampton Academy where he was a very diligent and thorough scholar, The remainder of his life was passed on his father's farm in his native village. After the death of Jonathan Fithian, Esq., in 1864, he was elected Justice of the Peace, and held that position till the time of his death. His extensive information and knowledge of human nature, combined with sound sense and rare good judgment, made him especially fitted for the office, which he held so acceptably for many years. When the Union School was established he selected a lot, negotiated the purchase, and from his ardent sympathy in the movement, justly merited the title of Founder of the Union School, and a life-like portrait is in the principal school room. He died suddenly, September 6, 1891. His monument bears the well merited inscription.

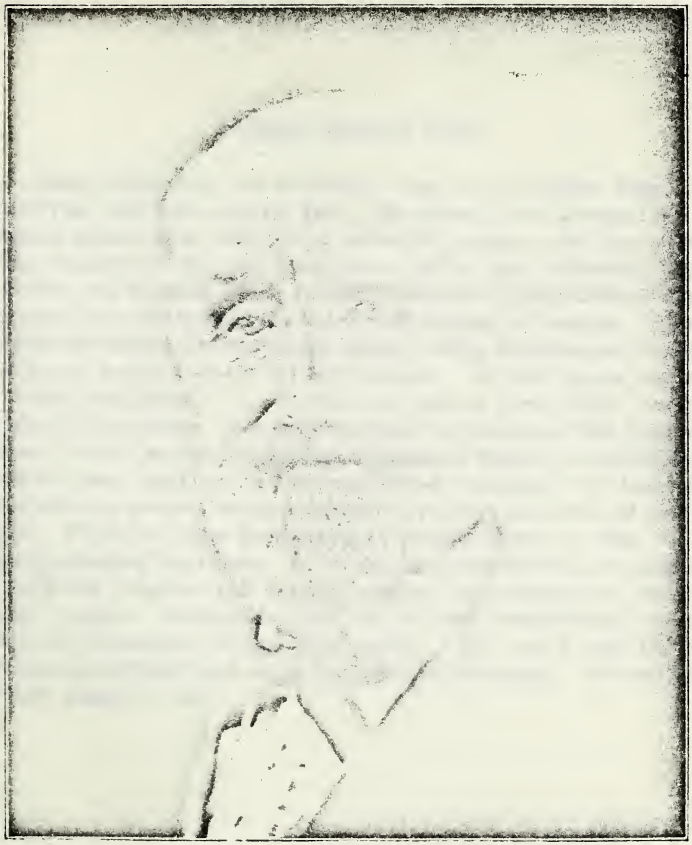
"For 20 years Magistrate of Southampton, and Elder in the Presbyterian Church, and in all the relations of life a useful and honored man."



WILLIAM R. POST, (1860)

WILLIAM R. POST

William Rogers Post, the sixth in line of descent from Lieut. Richard Post, was born April 8, 1811. On his mother's side he was descended from Obadiah Rogers, the founder of a family always prominent in the town. His younger years were past, like all boys of his time, working on the farm in the summer, or attending the district school in the winter. At the age of nineteen he went on a whaling voyage in the ship "Phoenix." Capt. Henry Green. He afterwards made several voyages, in all a period of five years. The next two years were spent at home, and he then went to Sag Harbor and became a partner in business with Judge John Osborn, and for a part of the time was ship agent. When the whale fishery came to an end, he returned to Southampton in 1852. A fortunate speculation in oil and bone had given him a fortune and he at once took a prominent position, built the finest home in the village, and in all things was the foremost man in Church, Sunday School, Village, Town and County. In 1852 he was elected Supervisor and held the office for five years. In 1865 he was again elected and occupied that office for twelve years. During that time he was the most prominent man on the committee for building the Court House and Jail and the Alms House at Yaphank For these and for railroad purposes he negotiated the sale of bonds to the extent of $200,000. The great characteristic of Mr. Post was, that whatever he did was done well. If he had an elevated opinion of his own importance, which he took no pains to conceal, it certainly rested upon a good foundation, and if he expended upon work more time and labor than was necessary, it was no detriment to the work nor the person for whom it was done. His useful life ended May 14, 1889.



ALBERT JESSUP POST

ALBERT JESSUP POST.

Albert Jessup Post, the seventh in the line of descent from Lieut. Richard Post, was born June 12, 1832. His father, Capt. George Post, was a whaling captain who made many successful voyages, and was a man of sterling character, of extended information, and a very influential citizen. His mother was Parmelia Jessup, a grand daughter of Major Zebulon Jessup, a prominent man of his time, and extensively engaged in business. His early education was obtained in the village school, and in Southampton Academy, where he was known as one of the best scholars. In 1853 he was teacher in the "North End School." In 1858 he was elected Town Clerk, and held that office for four years. For forty-one years he was one of the Trustees of the town. In 1857 he was elected Commissioner of Highways, which position he held for many years, and in 1894 was elected Assessor. All these offices he held with the greatest credit to himself and to the satisfaction of his fellow citizens. When the "New Southampton" was established in 1894, he was elected President of the village. In his younger years he was a very efficient member of the Volunteer Life Saving Company and helped rescue the crews of many vessels. During the Civil war he was commissioned by Gov. Seymour 2d Lieutenant in the State militia. He was a man of sound judgment, and faithful to all duties committed to his charge. He died, much lamented, August 7, 1907.

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